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BYRON D. HAMLIN PASSED AWAY YESTERDAY.

He Was One of McKean County's Most Prominent Citizens.

HAD BEEN ILL OVER TWO YEARS.

However His Death Will be a Surprise to Many Friends—Sketch of His Long and Useful Career—Funeral Arrangements.

Hon. Byron Delano Hamlin died at his home on Main street in this borough at 11:30 o'clock Wednesday, September 4, 1907, aged 83 years and four months, the cause of his death being heart trouble and a general wearing out of the body. On February 24, 1905, he was compelled to take to his bed, where he remained until the final call came.

From the History of McKean, Elk, Cameron and Potter counties we copy the following in regard to his early life:

"BYRON D. HAMLIN—When the average young man of the present day is disposed to grumble at the fate that compels him to earn his living, and to complain of his lack, it may be profitable to him to study the lives of the older men who are enjoying wealth and honorable position. He will discover that almost without exception their earlier days were fraught with struggling toil, and that their success is the result of earnest and persevering application of the hand and brain, and the prompt improvement of every opportunity offered. The gentleman whose name heads this sketch holds a most enviable position socially and financially. In the declining years of his life he is surrounded with all the comforts of a competency and the assurance of the respect and honor of his fellows, and the love of a large circle of friends and family connections. This is not the result of chance, but the reward of toil and persevering endeavor. Equal success is in the power of any young man. Hon. Byron D. Hamlin, the senior resident member of the McKean county bar, was born on May 7, 1824, at Shelmadine, Bradford county, Pa., the youngest of seven children. His father, Dr. Asa Hamlin, was of English descent, while his mother, whose maiden name was Delano, came of French ancestry. His parents and ancestors had resided for many generations in Litchfield county, Conn., his father removing to Pennsylvania in 1816. Dr. Asa Hamlin, who was one of a family of twenty-one children, was bred on a farm, and brought up under the old puritanical regime as practiced by the New England Presbyterians. Amusements were rare, and Sunday was a day to be dreaded. He had scanty opportunities for education or culture in his youth, yet he improved them so well that he secured a profession in which he held a respectable rank. In those days, however, doctor's fees were small and hard to get. In June, 1833, he removed to Smethport with his wife and two younger children—the subject of this sketch and his sister, Jeanette—and died in 1835, leaving his family without financial means for their support. In this condition of things young Byron, then but a slight lad of eleven years, set about to find some self-supporting employment. The first that offered was an opportunity to peel and gather bark from old hemlock trees that had fallen. This he sold for fuel at $1 per corn, payable in store trade. In this occupation he succeeded in maintaining and clothing himself for some time, and even had sufficient surplus to purchase a handsome cream pitcher as a present to his mother. It cost 5 shillings and 6 pence, and is still preserved and highly prized as a relic of the struggles of his youth. After a time he was offered the position of mail carrier between Smethport and Olean, N. Y., then the principal communication with the outside world, and he accepted it gratefully. He had to make two round trips a week, going to Olean and returning Sunday, making a ride of fifty-six miles, and going Wednesday and returning on Thursday. The salary was 75 cents a trip, or $1.50 a week. The Sunday trip commenced at 4 a. m. and was generally concluded between 8 and 11 p. m., in all kinds of weather, and at all seasons of the year. Young Byron began this occupation when thirteen years old, and continued it two years, during which time the mail rarely failed to be on time. His mode of conveyance was on the back of a mule, and Mr. Hamlin enjoys nothing better than to relate the comical, though often unpleasant, experiences of those days. By the improvement of odd hours with his books at the fireside, and an occasional few weeks at school, he had gained sufficient education to undertake teaching school at the age of sixteen on Marvin creek, about four miles from home, at $10 a month and 'board around.' The term lasted three months and from the proceeds he was able to purchase a suit of clothes and a few books.

"His sister, Jeanette, having married Rev. Moses Crow, a professor in Allegheny College, at Meadville, Pa., he accepted an invitation to make his home with them, and enter the college. After about a year and a half, his brother-in-law's health failing, so that he was obliged to resign his professorship, young Byron, having no means to pay his expenses and continue his studies, returned to Smethport. He then accepted an offer of partnership in a little store, owned by his brother, Orlo J. Hamlin, the whole stock of which would not inventory over $300. After about a year thus engaged, his brother-in-law, who had in the meantime united with the conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, and been stationed at Geneva, N. Y., again invited him to live with him, and attend the college at that beautiful town. The long hoped for opportunity to complete a college course seemed to have arrived, and he hastily closed his interest in the store and prepared to accept the offer. His profits in the year's business comprised a respectable wardrobe, and about $100 in bills receivable. He had in preparation for his trip a wooden trunk made by a carpenter and joiner (which is still preserved in the attic of his residence), in which all of his worldly wealth was stowed, when a few days before starting he received a letter stating that both Mr. and Mrs. Crow were lying at the point of death from typhoid fever. He went there at once, on horseback, but found that his sister was dead and buried, and his brother-in-law almost at the point of death, so he was obliged to return to Smethport with his hopes disappointed, and his spirits crushed. By the advice of his brother, Orlo J., who was then practicing law in Smethport, he gave up the idea of completing a collegiate education, and took up the study as a student at law. This was in 1843, and in 1846 he was admitted to the bar of McKean county. His profession had the care of a number of landed estates, for various owners, and the attention to the details of this part of the business falling largely upon the young student, he early acquired a taste for it, and having given the subject his principal attention during his long professional career, he is an accepted authority upon legal as well as practical business questions relating to lands of Keating and Co., then comprising nearly two hundred thousand acres of the two hundred and ninety-seven hundred they had purchased from William Bingham, in the year 1790, in McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield counties. He had their care and management to the year 1881, when he became the purchaser of what remained of this estate, and interested some of his family relatives with himself in its ownership—the business being conducted, in the names of Byron D. Hamlin, Henry Hamlin and John Forrest.

"In politics Mr. Hamlin is a Democrat. When a young man he was active and prominent as a local leader, and his party, then largely in the majority in the county and district, recognized his abilities and usefulness. In 1848, at the age of twenty-four, he was recommended by his county as a candidate for the legislature, but declined at the district convention in favor of W. G. Scofield, of Warren county, who was elected; in 1850 he was elected treasurer of McKean county; in 1852 he was sent to the State senate, in which body, although one of the youngest members, he took a leading and prominent position, and was elected as its presiding officer at the close of the session of 1854. He was renominated by the convention of his district at the close of his term, in 1855, but was defeated by Henry Souther of Elk county, the candidate of the American and Free-Soil parties. Having a good clientage and extensive land estates under his care, he considered it his duty to those interests, and to his family, to withdraw from active political life to more congenial and profitable pursuits. He was tendered the nomination (which, in that district, was equivalent to an election) for president judge of the counties of Clearfield, Clinton and Centre in 1868, but declined it. Since that time he has been urged by the people of his own district, without regard to party, to stand as a candidate for judicial honors in it, but adhered to his often expressed determination to spend his life in domestic pursuits, without the slavery of public office. In 1882, however, he was induced after repeated solicitations, to allow his name to be presented as the candidate of his party to the legislature. Although the county was Republican by a considerable majority, and he was opposed by the strongest candidate who could at that time have been nominated against him, he was defeated by less than a score of votes. In the dark period of the Nation's history (1861-65) Mr. Hamlin stood on the ground that the only way to correct the fallacies of those who sought to break the bond of union of the States was the physical one; all arguments appealing to the patriotism and reasoning faculties having failed. He was examined, and pronounced physically unfit for service in the field but, immediately following the news of the first shot on Sumter, he applied himself to the work of encouraging and aiding the vigorous young men of his region to enlist for the defense of their country and their homes. He rendered efficient aid to Gen. Thomas L. Kane, to whom he was much devoted, in selecting the valiant fellows who formed the famous Bucktail Regiment, and no compliment ever bestowed on him afforded him and his family more gratification than his election as an honorary comrade of that regiment, at the reunion of its survivors in 1885."

About twenty years ago Mr. Hamlin retired from the practice of law to devote his entire attention to his private interests, which had grown to large proportions, and to his home life. He was a great lover of his home and his family and was happiest when in the midst of his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren around him.

In 1846 he was united in marriage to Miss Harriet, daughter of John Holmes of Smethport, who by her faithful devotion, constant sympathy and good counsel, contributed largely to his success. They were blessed with three children, one son and two daughters. The son, Delano R., died May 30, 1884, leaving a wife and two children, Paul D., and Jeanette, now Mrs. W. L. Hammer. The eldest daughter, Jeanette, died January 30, 1896, leaving three children, Mrs. Melville M. Gillette, of Newark, Ohio, Horace H. Redfield and Scott F. Redfield. The youngest daughter, Mary, was married to John Forrest, his partner in the law and land business, and to them were born two children, now Mrs. Arthur W. Mitchell of Erie, and Mrs. Edmund T. Newman, of Syracuse, N. Y., together with Mr. Hamlin's aged wife and four great grandchildren, namely: Hamlin D. and Robert H. Redfield, Redfield H. Gillette and John F. Mitchell.

Hon. Byron Delano Hamlin will be followed by the generations which have known him with true affection and deepest respect. His life was an example of persevering, painstaking labor, of wise forethought, of energy and thoroughness. His character showed integrity and sincerity. He impressed one with his frank bearing, and straightforward ways and there was a stimulus in the sound of his cheery voice, his pleasant ready humor and sympathetic attitude. He was recognized widely as one whose matured mind, large experience, wide reading and sound judgment made his advice on legal and business questions of great value. He had the judicial cast of mind, and would have honored the bench as highly as he did the bar, being qualified largely for such a position and vocation. He was the centre of the home life in a large family of children and grandchildren, and was looked up to, reverenced and loved by all of them. He was as a father to all these, his descendants and relatives, their interests and happiness and troubles were his. The sorrows which touched their lives and his showed the the tenderness and sympathy of his heart.

He was a diligent student of the Bible, always deeply interested in religious matters, and a Christian believer who, later, came to see the place of divine institutions, and welcomed the church with its sacraments and services and was happy and comforted in the provisions for the spiritual life in the Kingdom of Christ. He departed this life on Wednesday last at noon, in the peace of God, in perfect charity with the world, in the confidence of a certain faith, and the comfort of a reasonable religious holy hope.

"May he rest in peace, and may light perpetual shine upon him."

The funeral services will be held at St. Luke's church at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon, Rev. J. H. McCandless officiating, and his remains will be laid at rest in the family mausoleum in Rose Hill cemetery.

The Paving Question.

Bids for the paving of Main street were opened last Thursday, but all the bids were so high that the council is not in position to accept any of them at present, as the amount of money available at the present time is about $45,000.00.

The bids are as follows:

Bidders	Concrete	Broken Stone
Beck & Orr	$50,365.15	$53,697.67
Reinhard & Higgins	51,558.12	47,774.01
Emery & Sheehan	57,808.00	56,760.20
Franklin Construction Co.	70,156.58	60,231.58
R. C. Ruthven	56,241.55	52,722.80
Costello & Nagle	55,266.50	53,062.20
Steel & Bave	62,340.85	58,509.13
F. R. Sheffield		50,437.50

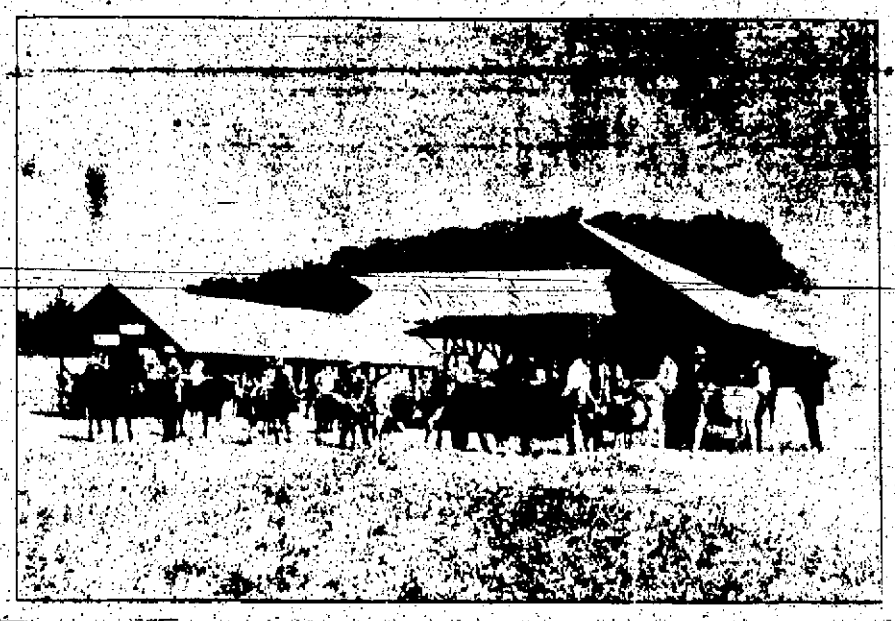
The council is making an effort to provide for the deficiency and if this can be done it is very probable that the contract will be awarded to Reinhard & Higgins in a short time. It is sincerely hoped that they will be able to provide for this deficiency for it seems hard to lose paving by such a narrow margin.

For Sale.

1 wooden bed, springs and mattress, 1 couch, 1 ice box, Detroit Jewell cook stove. Inquire of Mrs. N. H. Knapp.

Wanted.

Girl for general housework. Inquire of F. D. Reynolds, cut glass plant.



McKean County Fair and Races, September 17, 18, 19 and 20, 1907.

Entered Into Rest.

Miss Ida Rubin, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Rubin, who has been confined to her bed for the past four or five months with rheumatism, passed away at 5 o'clock Saturday morning, August 31, in her twenty-third year of life.

Miss Rubin was born in Smethport November 7th, 1884, and has always resided here. She was a graduate of the Smethport High School and later assisted in Mr. Watkins-Shaw's store and for a time was in the store of her father where she made many firm friends who will mourn with her family in her untimely demise of pleurisy, complicated with heart trouble. She is survived by her father and mother, two sisters, Misses Rae and Stella, and one brother, Harry S., all of this borough.

Miss Ida Rubin will live always in the memory of all who knew her. To see her but once was to receive an enduring vivid picture of loveliness and graciousness, of charming and childlike sweetness. There was a transparent beauty of soul that shone in her face, lightening it with a loving kindness, an open look of frankness, sincerity and sympathy. There was the glow of a true friendly spirit, of a glad and happy heart, a warm, sunny disposition, a bright manner and winning ways, which drew people to her, and imparted to them some of her own gladness and warmth of heart, and reflected in their faces some of the light in which she lived. There was that lovable and affectionate personality, that rare and complete self-possession which with her natural goodness and graciousness, seemed never to fail in saying the right word in forgetting an one or what was done on any occasion, invariably showing a charming geniality, natural politeness, kindly interest and well bred manners.

There was a wholeness and beautiful symmetry to her character, always the same, and the note of her life was expressed in the music of her voice. She is not dead, for there is no death, only transition, only the transplanting of a beautiful flower into the garden of the Lord—only gone beyond earth's darkness to "walk before God in the land of the living."

He remains were taken to Syracuse, N. Y., for burial, leaving here at 4 o'clock Sunday morning on a special train on the P., S. & N. R. R., which met the Buffalo flyer at Larabee. The funeral services were held at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon at the chapel in the cemetery of Adah Yeshurun Congregation, Rabbi Adolphi Guttman of the Society of Concord, officiating, and her remains were laid at rest in the above named cemetery. Relatives from New York, Philadelphia, Rochester and other cities attended the services.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Aug. 31, 1907:

Mrs. Curtis Harriman, E. B. McCoy, Lillian M. Miller, Foreign—Miss Margaret Persson.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All undelivered letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

For a Wedding Present.

What could please them better than a beautiful piece of Hand Decorated china. I have just received an exceptionally fine assortment of thin elegant ware, which must be seen to be appreciated. Before purchasing call at my home and see this artistic line. It is a pleasure to show them whether you wish to buy or not. Mollie E. Pierce.

The Ladies Home Journal Patterns retain the style and smartness of the designs; give perfect fit; and are so simple that everyone can use them. Sold by Fry & Comes.

Before buying wedding presents call and look over my stock. L. K. Hogarth.

Death of F. O. Richmond.

Frank O. Richmond, one of Smethport's well-known and most estimable men, died at his home on West Main street at 11:45 o'clock Saturday morning, August 31, 1907. The cause of his death was heart trouble brought on by other diseases. He was aged 57 years.

Two weeks ago he became quite seriously ill, but later seemed to recover considerably. He was advised to go to Smethport High School and later assisted in Mr. Watkins-Shaw's store and but being of an energetic disposition he went to Olean on a business errand and made firm friends who will mourn with also, Smith L. Bradford. At the latter family in affliction the demise of pleurisy again became manifested and one of the sweetest, most lovable girls later returned to heaven.

In this place. She is survived by her father and mother, two sisters, Misses Rae and Stella, and one brother, Harry S., all of this borough.

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Smethport 3, Hazelhurst 2.

The home team defeated the Hazelhurst team by the above score at Kane Field Monday afternoon in a very interesting game. Claude Denning did the twirling for the visitors and held his old associates down to six hits. Horace King covered the rubber for the home team and did excellent work, having 14 strikeouts and allowing only six hits. Denning struck out 13 men. Following is the tabulated score:

HAZELHURST	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Degolia F., cf	4	1	0	0	0	1
Nogard J., 3b	4	0	1	1	0	0
Block, c	4	1	2	12	0	0
Denning, p	3	0	1	2	2	0
Degolia R., 1b	3	0	1	5	0	0
Raley, ss	4	0	0	0	4	0
Orcott, rf	4	0	0	1	0	1
Gutcher, lf	4	0	0	2	0	1
Dorn, 2b	4	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	34	2	6	24	6	3

SMETHPORT	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
King, p	4	0	0	0	2	0
Glavin, 3b	3	1	1	1	2	0
Tull, ss	4	1	1	0	1	0
McCabe, 2b	4	0	1	1	1	1
Reilly, c	4	1	0	14	1	0
Batry, rf	3	0	1	0	0	1
Wilcox, cf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Denning, lb	4	0	0	9	2	1
McGowan, cf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	34	3	3	27	10	3

By Innings:										
Hazelhurst	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	—2
Smethport	1	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	—3

Two base hits—H. Degolia, Raley.
Stolen bases—C. Denning, Tull, Riley, McCabe, Wilcox.
Double plays—Riley to Denning to Glavin.
Base on balls—off Denning 1, off King 2.
Struck out—by Denning 13, by King 14.
Passed balls—Block 1, Riley 2.
Wild pitches—by King 1.

Call at our pattern counter and see how easy it is to use The Ladies' Home Journal Needle-work Patterns. A design may be transferred to any material as easily as ironing a hair-ribbon. Sold by Fry & Comes.

Lost—Between the residences of A. T. Palmer and Mrs. Pauline King a brown leather thread case containing needles, thread and a gold thimble. Finder, by returning it to Mrs. King, will receive reward.

L. K. Hogarth has just received a large new stock of Hand Painted China and Cut Glass. Goods to be sent away will be packed free of charge.

The Masonic Picnic.

McKean Lodge, No. 388, F. & A. M., of Smethport held a picnic and clambake at Island Park last Thursday, which was attended by about 150 Masons and their wives, mothers, sisters, daughters and sweethearts. The day was pleasant and the outing was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The program consisted of clam chowder and light refreshments at noon, which was followed by a ball game on Kane field between picked teams from the Shrine and from the Blue Lodge. After the game the lake was opened and a most delicious spread it was. Everything was cooked perfectly as it always is when Chefs Curran and Parkhurst have charge and the way the good things disappeared from sight showed conclusively that they were fully appreciated.

The ball game was unusually interesting because it was close from start to finish and filled with sensational plays and displays. Sheridan Gorton officiated as umpire and into malpractice, which gave the game more uncertainty than usual. His decisions were grotesque and unique in many cases and his authorities cited were of an extremely early vintage—so early in fact that the younger players were of the opinion that they antedated American history. But he ruled with an iron hand and, his commanding personality and the solemn vows of Masonic brotherhood probably saved him from being mobbed or even more drastic treatment. He is extremely kind hearted however and did his best to prevent either side from beating the other. In the ninth inning when the Shriners had fairly laid their brethren of the lamb-skin apron in the dust, he kindly brought them back to life by calling Noble Newman out at the plate after he had scored the winning run. But Sheri is a good fellow so his brother Shriners accepted his apologies and broke bread with him just as though he had given them a square deal—which shows how great is the brotherhood of Masonry.

We would like to give a vivid word portrayal of the many features of this famous game but as the writer was extremely busy trying to keep Noble Redfield, who did the twirling for the Shriners, from knocking down the grand stand with his cannon-like delivery by stopping the balls, often with his anatomy, we are obliged to forego this pleasure and merely mention a few of the stunts, such as Dr. Clark's attempted slide of forty feet to first, Bill Specht's phenomenal catches in left garden, Col. Gillette's wonderful headwork, Grizzly Bill's errorless work in right, Ned Newman's long drives, Prof. Bayle's base running, McAllister's and Choate's hunt hearing, Cummins' fancy fielding and Hammer's and Gallup's short work.

It took ten innings and Umpire Gorton to decide the battle and further details may be found in the appended table:

BLUE LODGE	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Hammer, ss	6	1	3	3	1	0
Bates, lf	5	0	0	0	0	0
Bayle, 3b	5	1	0	1	2	1
McAllister, rf	5	0	0	1	0	0
Cummins, cf	4	2	1	4	0	0
Masser, 1b	5	2	1	8	1	1
Rubin, p	5	1	3	2	1	1
Choate, 3b	5	3	2	2	2	0
Morrison, c	5	2	2	13	0	1
Total	46	12	11	36	7	4

SHRINERS	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Newman, lb	5	0	1	14	0	1
Hamlin, 2b	4	1	2	2	5	3
Andorfer, 3b	4	3	2	2	2	1
Redfield, p	5	2	2	1	6	0
Backus, c	5	0	1	11	0	1
Speehs, lf	4	1	0	0	0	0
Clark, cf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Gallup, ss	3	1	1	0	1	2
Morrison, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Gillette, rf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Total	38	7	10	30	13	8

By Innings:										
Blue Lodge	1	—0	3	1	0	0	1	0	2	5—12
Shriners	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	8	1	0—7

The Ladies' Home Journal Patterns do not waste material. Sold by Fry & Comes.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Stardvaint.

Appearances to The Contrary.

By CECILIA A. LOIZEAUX.

Copyrighted, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.

Mrs. Holton entered her sister Susan's room and, sinking into the nearest chair, undid her collar. This was preparatory to the rite, sacred in Milltown, of dressing for the afternoon. Susan, who, notwithstanding the fact that she had just returned from an art school and did not deny being artistic, refused to be called Suzanne, was doing something to her face with the aid of a hand glass and many unbecoming grimaces.

"What are you going to wear this afternoon?" inquired Mrs. Holton in an elaborately careless voice.

"Nothing that is, I'm going to wash my hair, since there's not a place in this—metropolis—where I can have it washed for me."

"But, Susie, not this afternoon! There will surely be callers."

"Just say I'm not at home and don't bother," said Susan, drawing out her hairpins and letting her red hair down over her yellow and brown and tan kimono.

"You forget that you are not in New York," said her sister sharply. "Do try to forget that you have been to art school and be decent to people. 'Not at home' won't go here. Every one in this village knows that you are at home, for you couldn't possibly get away without some one seeing you go. And, anyway, I asked that Mr. Bates over to call on you."

"Kind of you! What Mr. Bates?" asked Susan, dropping her comb and stooping to pick it up.

"Mrs. Barton's nephew. He's from the east somewhere, and he has the nicest manners. I thought maybe you would like to have some one come who is a little more like the men you are used to," she added.

"I would," said Susan emphatically. "And it was nice of you to think of it. Perhaps he'll come late in the afternoon and my hair will be all dry. I'll hurry." And she ran down the hall and slammed the bathroom door after her.

"There's something familiar about the nurse," she said to her face in the glass while the water was running. "And—and I don't particularly want to see any more of the Bates clan—but if Dennie should find that out she'd never let me forget it. So I'll say hello Mr. Bates and try to get interested in this place."

She plunged her head into the basin and when her hair dried and the latter had ceased trying to lay itself into full lines of the shawl, she sat down on the bench and fell to work briskly with rare and practiced skill on the difficult task of making her face look as it should look.

And so it happened that three minutes later, as she entered the sitting room, a young man, who, however, had developed into what Susan, in her sister's company vein, called a "fusser," was just in time to see her sister's company smile.

"Oh, right out into the sitting room, Mr. Bates, that's where you're there."

She waited the slam—not just in time and softly pulled the door shut. Then, back in the room, safely hidden, she called herself a goose.

"Why didn't you go back out into the yard and reach your room by the ladder? No one but Bessie would live in a house that has no back stairs."

She hoped the latter would not stay long, but she knew there was no telling what fabrications her sister would feed to the young man to keep him until Susan should appear. She did not know that Susan was in the closet and if she had known it she would not have liked it how to get her out of it.

Then if she had the gratification of seeing which unfortunately she has not—or she'd not be trying to make a notch for mosquitoes—she would know that if presumably in the best parlor, and in a room if any way save that, it plays when they are single.

The closet was small, airless, dusty and full of odds and ends. Susan hardly dared move for fear of knocking something down.

"Not that I care for being discovered," she reasoned, "for that would serve them both right, but I do not care to bring Jim's golf sticks or Ik Alan clubs down on my defenseless head. I'm not much of a club woman." She searched cautiously for a keyhole and found none.

"Of course not," she muttered disgustedly. "I am denied even the small comfort of watching the dismay on Bessie's face as I fail to appear. So I must think upon my sins and be patient, I presume."

She sank back on her heels and mopped her hot face with one corner of her kimono. "I hope it doesn't fade," she thought.

Presently she rested her forehead on her knees and forgot time and place and heat and discomfort. Her thoughts were busy.

"I suppose Jo and Maude Forman are married by this time. I wish I knew how that happened. He always said he did not care for her baby kind of prettiness. It must have been her talent. No one can deny that she had the rest of us beaten all hollow. That little characterless, baby faced thing could paint better than Jim himself."

"Maude knows how I feel about it—and so does he. That's what hurts the worst. I could not help showing it that last day. And she there was such triumph in her silly little face when she came out of the studio, and we knew she had got the prize. She looked at me, and then she walked straight up to Jim, and they forgot I was there. Oh, the humiliation of it! And then old Carton had to cap the climax by telling me that I never would make an artist. I knew it well enough. All I wanted was— If he'd only stopped there instead of telling me that I should be married.

"I have seen that you are in love, Miss Susan, and I advise you to marry the good man and help him make a career."

"He wasn't so smart as he thought he was or he'd have seen that Maude wasn't content with getting the painting prize. She had to take everything, even—" Forgetting where she was, she sprang to her feet, bumping her head against a pile of empty boxes, which fell with a deafening clatter.

Then the door was flung open, and some one seized her arm and drew her gently out into the sitting room. Susan gave one glance at her sister's horrified face and then laughed helplessly. It was fortunate that she could not see her own face, which was stained in an elaborate pattern from the kimono.

"I was hunting for my comb"—she began and stopped, for the man, whose face she had not yet seen, came around in front of her.

"Did you find it?" he asked.

Susan turned white and then red and white again before she said a word. And when her lips finally opened they uttered the one thing she could have bitten her tongue out for saying.

"Where is Maude?"

"Maude? Oh, she's safely married and on a wedding trip. Whatever made you run away that day when old Carton told Maude she had won the prize? We hunted for you to tell you, but you were gone."

"I didn't need to be told, I saw," she said, and then grew white again. "But why—if you are married—why isn't Maude here too?"

"Maude?" Suddenly the man gave a shout. "Do you mean that you think I am married to Maude? That's a good one. She is my sister-in-law now." She was engaged to Fred for five years, and they never had money enough to marry on till she got that cash prize. That was why she worked so hard to get it."

Susan began to back toward the stairway. She felt it was time to escape.

"No, you don't," said the man, and he caught one corner of the kimono and held her.

"I'm not dressed," she murmured.

"So I perceive," he answered. "But was that the reason you ran away—because you thought Maude"—

"Old Carton told me I'd never make an artist," she evaded.

"Did he? The brute! But that was no reason for running away from me. What else did he say?"

"He said I had better get married," said Susie. "And that was why I ran away."

As she had hoped he would, the man dropped the kimono in his amazement, and she darted up the stairs, leaving him looking after her with

"Susan, tell me"—

She leaned over the banisters and spelled at him. "But of course I can't get married until some one asks me," she said, and before he could get to her the door of her room had slammed.

Circus Folk Hard Workers.

The amount of physical work done by the performers of the circus is scarcely believable. These people make the care of their bodies their religion, and they will do nothing that militates against their strength or their health. When the performers rise in the morning they hurry to the cook tent for breakfast. Then they must get into their trappings for the parade, failure to report at 9:30 involving a fine of $5. If the big tent is up early the chances are that the press will be filled with performers practicing for an hour before the parade. After the street display the performers have their dinner, and then they must dress for the grand entree, from which hour is constant. Only a very few of the circus folk dress with a single set. Nearly all of them do two and most of them three sets, for each of which they must change their costume. A woman performer often works in a gymnastic act on the ground, another in the air, rides in a menage act or two and in the dancing at the end of the performance. In addition she will very frequently do a turn in a concert after the show, and she must change her costume for each appearance.—Everybody's Magazine.

A Trick That Won.

"Once, when 'Long John' Wentworth was mayor of Chicago," said an old-time resident of that city, "a hot campaign was in progress. The rough element was showing signs of turbulence, and 'Long John' knew that the police force was totally unable to cope with it if there should be a riot. There wasn't much of any police force in those days. The few officers that there were didn't have any uniform outside of a plug hat. On the front of this was a semicircle of tin with the man's number on it. There was no money to pay for additional officers, so 'Long John' bethought himself of a bright scheme. He had a figure '9' added to the number on every one of those hats. On election day the different members of the force were stationed conspicuously where the trouble was most likely to break out. The roughs saw the numbers, "250," "200," "350," etc., where they had before seen only "25," "20" and "35." The word went around that 'Long John' had added several hundred men to the police force, and the rough crowd were so intimidated that they never dared to do a thing."

Proof of His Innocence.

A southern negro was brought into the courtroom, accused of stealing a neighbor's chickens.

"Mistor George Washington Shintopp, did you steal those chickens?" asked the judge pointedly.

"No, sah, judge. Ah is too 'specfable fo' dat."

"But it is stated on good authority that a bundle of feathers was found in your back yard the day before Christmas."

"Dat, 'sinneration, judge, des proves mah innocence, cos how could de fedders be found in mah back yard de day befo' Christmus when mah wife didn't pluck dose chickens until de day after Christmus?"—Circle.

TRICKS OF THE TYPES

Wicked Deeds Done by the Imp of the Perverse.

AMUSING ERRORS IN PRINT.

Examples of What Is Liable to Happen When the Compositor Blunders or When the Usually Alert and Careful Proofreader Nods.

Sometimes the proofreader nods, and in this connection the late Lord Goschen told at a public dinner a story of a reader who worked for his (Lord Goschen's) grandfather and who, in answer to a denunciation from his employer, cried:

"Let some other man work at correctness of typography. I despair. My own thoughts often hinder me as they seize and hold the millions otherwise than they ought to do. It is quite possible that niggling slight words and syllables may often go to the wall when my soul cannot tear itself loose from some thought or picture. Errors have been found in sheets which I thought I had worked backward and forward with the greatest particularity. I read always as it should be."

It is when it reaches it in this soulful condition that the general public are permitted to read, as they did once in a morning paper not given to humor, that a celebrated politician, in a speech, described some one as "sitting at the feet of the game bird of Birmingham," instead of "Gamaliel." In the same journal, too, the following startling announcement appeared under the heading of "Births":

NICHOLSON.—On the 12th inst., at Bolton road, Sidcup, the son of Alfred Nicholson, of a daughter.

In another newspaper a most pathetic account appeared of a doctor who died owing to having accidentally infected himself while injecting some plague virus into a cow. The mystery was solved the next day, when an apology was printed explaining that the word should have been "ewe."

"Come over and try some new soup." A lady novelist did not write "soup" was the word. "It is a sickly recipe of the real article" was perhaps excusable. It appeared in a paper during the Boer war.

Piano mistakes are curious enough, but they pale into insignificance before some of those that never reach the printed sheet.

"Tell, talk, father!" cries demanded a compositor in cold type, and he was accustomed to have to offer it, for "I will tell faithful." "Beer Ears" was made "Three Ears," but even during the South African war.

On a last summer's day another literal typesetter turned "The Isles of March" into "The Idea of War."

In a sermon a clergyman (Hythe) was made to say, "And they poured a libation on the guilty of the sepulchre." "Massive stone" were the correct words.

Abbreviations are often the bane of the compositor, but he had no excuse for setting up, in an account of a Mansion House function, that among those present were "Old Judges and Old Tudors." He should have known that "Ald." was an abbreviation of "Alderman." In the same "take" of copy the "Lord Mayor was received with a crash" (should be "cclat") and was followed by the sheriffs in their scarlet (pumpkins) gowns."

"Let the gulled Judy wink" appeared in another first proof, and the proofreader wearily made it the "gulled fade winch." "The lusty glutton" has quite a transpontine flavor, but the reply said "The Lustige Glutton" (a German weekly paper).

"Pigmi of the enunciation" does not seem convincing; "pigment of the imagination" is better. "Petticoats long on Sunday morning is a disgrace" is all right when the first two words are read "Petticoat lane."

In a police court assault case the prosecutor was made to say that the prisoner had given him "twins." What the prisoner really did was to give the prosecutor a "turn" in fright. The government were suffering from mental aberration," must have been set up by a compositor of the opposition politics. The real charge was "suttees admiration."

"De mortar ivil nice loremu" would trouble a Latin scholar. "De mortuis nil nisi bonum" is more correct. "Jim the Penman" is easily recognizable as the hero of a play, and "Putty Polly," the racehorse, would throw up her pretty head in disdain to see herself so described.

For "a pair of scandals completed the costume" read "sandals," and for "Here is indeed a sundial" substitute "scandal." He lived in the "hubbubs" should be "suburbs," and "Call her, Herr, in" is understandable when printed "Caller herrin'."

A well known descriptive writer was startled to read in a rough first proof that he had described the fields surrounding the Derby course as "covered with boots and shoes." He was placated when informed that it had been altered to "booths and shows."

Columns could be filled with the amazing and amusing blunders of the compositor, but here space forbids, of more than a final "howler," which is a classic in the printing world. "O temporal O mores!" wrote a leader writer at ten minutes to 1 in the morning. "O Moses, indeed!" exclaimed the proofreader a quarter of an hour later when he "caught and bowled" the compositor who had improved the phrase into "O Tennyson! O Moses!"—London Express.

It is by presence of mind in untried emergencies that the native metal of a man is tested.—Lowell.

Mothers with little children need no longer fear croup, colds and whooping cough. Bees Laxative Cough Syrup tastes good. It works off the cold through the bowels, outs the phlegm, clears the head. For young and old. Guaranteed. Secure a bottle at once. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson Colegrove.

RELICS OF THE DEAD.

Horrible Custom of a South American Indian Tribe.

The Urayali Indians, a numerous south American tribe, with decided cannibalistic tastes, who inhabit both banks of one of the uppermost and longest of the affluents of the Amazon, have a system by which they preserve the features of their dead, so that friends can always identify those that have gone to the "happy hunting ground" as surely as if gazing at a photograph.

To accomplish this they cut the head from the body, but retain the long hair. The ghastly, bleeding trophies of a day's battle or a night's massacre of their enemies are suspended by the long, straight black hair to the limb of a tree. Directly under this they dig a hole, which they fill with water, in their primitive way causing it to boil by placing hot stones in it, or, if near a camp or village, an earthen pot of boiling water is used.

The ascending hot vapor and steam which envelop the suspended head outlined by the fire and shadows, like ghosts in the darkness of a tropical night, in the deep solitude and under the black shadows of the palm forests, accompanied by the weird wailes of the ugly human brutes and the shrieks of wild birds of the night or the howl of tigers, make a scene that cannot be fully described to the imagination.

This steaming process has the effect of loosening the scalp from the skull or in some way of softening it that all the bones are removed. With the vacant sack of skin drawn from the head intact, they next fill it with hot pebbles and sand. These are replaced by others when they are cool. The process they use has the effect of drying and shrinking the skin, but in some way, not clearly known, it preserves the original features of the victim. They are thus distorted and ghastly looking reminders of the departed.—London Spare Moments.

BOTH WERE TRICKY.

A Bit of Business Between a Merchant and a Lumberman.

There used to be an old retired merchant in Detroit who delighted in recalling his experiences when an active man running a general store in one of the northern cities of the lower peninsula.

"I used to reap a harvest when the men were coming out of the woods," he relates. "They were not up in styles, and about any old thing would suit them provided the color was right and the fit even passable. But there were tricksters among them, and I had to have my wits about me in order to keep even with them.

"How much is that hat?" asked a strapping six footer who arrived from camp one day with a pocketful of money.

"Two fifty," I replied.

"Then he informed me that he already had the crowns of his hats punched full of holes in order to keep the head cool and the hair from coming out. I soon had this attended to, and then he asked what the hat was worth. Two fifty? I responded in surprise, but he laughed at me for asking such a price for damaged goods. He said he had got the hat for $1, while the jolly crowd with him had a laugh at my expense. He wanted to look at some fiddles, and after pricing one at $10 concluded to take it.

"'Where's the bow?' he asked as I was doing up the package.

"'You only bought the fiddle,' I laughed. The others saw the point and laughed too. The giant tried to bluff me, but—I kept good humored and got even on the bet by charging him $1.50 for the bow. I not only got even, but the others were pleased with my Yankee trick that they spent plenty of money with me."—Detroit Free Press.

Wisdom Beyond His Years.

His mother found him in the jam and reprimanded him. A little later she caught him teasing his baby sister and reprimanded him again.

"I don't see what's got into you, Willie," she said. "You're usually the good little boy, but today you're up to all kinds of mischief."

"I'm tired of being good," he returned, with juvenile frankness.

"Tired of being good!" she exclaimed. "What do you mean by that?"

"Well, Brother Bob is naughty most of the time, and you're always giving him things to get him to be good, and I guess I'll be naughty for awhile and see if I don't get something too."

Sometimes a youngster seems to have wisdom beyond his years.

A Magnate in Embryo.

At the opening exercises of one of our schools it is the custom to have mottoes and sentiments given by the pupils.

Julius Moses gave, "The pen is mightier than the sword."

"Why, Julius, is the pen mightier than the sword?"

"Why? Because," answered Julius, "you can sign checks with it."—Circle.

A Nice Little Hint.

First Lieutenant—How do you like the horse you bought from me last week?—Second Lieutenant—Very much. He might hold his head a little higher, though. First Lieutenant—Oh, that will come all right when he is paid for.—London Tit-Bits.

Soothing.

"Are you hurt, John?"

"Yes, dear. I am afraid three or four of my ribs are broken."

"Well, don't feel bad; it doesn't show."—Houston Post.

Observe the face of the wife to know the husband's character.—Spanish Proverb.

To cure a cold first move the bowels. Bees Laxative Cough Syrup acts gently on the bowels, drives out the cold, clears the head. It's pleasant to take and mothers highly recommend it for colds, croup and whooping cough. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Equally good for young and old. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

EDUCATING WILLIAM.

His Mother-in-law Tells His Wife the Subtle Process.

"He isn't stingy," declared the young woman, rather indignantly. "I'm sure he's as generous as he can be in most things, but"—

"Oh, I know," said the elder woman. "Your father used to be a great deal the same way."

"Pa!" exclaimed the young woman.

"Until he got educated," said the elder woman. "I had to educate him, of course, and you'll have to educate William. Arguing isn't any use."

"I know," said the young woman sadly. "I've tried it."

"And crying isn't any use," said the elder, with some severity.

The young woman blushed and glanced hastily at a mirror that hung on the wall.

"No, your eyes aren't red," said the elderly woman reassuringly, "but you have been crying, and I tell you it won't do, and crying won't work one time in a dozen."

"Then how?"

"Use your common sense. There are lots of ways. Take him to shop with you the next time you go. That's one pretty good way of making him realize that a woman can't dress on nothing."

The young woman shook her head. "You don't know William as well as I do," she said. "It'd be worse off than ever, and, besides, he wouldn't go."

"Oh, yes, he would," said the elderly woman confidently. "He will if you manage him properly. You tell some woman friend what exquisite taste he has when he's around and notice how he'll begin to swell up. I never knew the man who didn't believe that he knew more about what was becoming to a woman than she did herself. Then follow that up by asking him to help you select a hat. He'll do it fast enough if you only make him really believe you depend on his judgment."

"But, mother"—

"I suppose you think he'll pick out some five dollar horror or something that doesn't suit you at all."

"I'm afraid he would."

"Well, he wouldn't. You begin by wanting him to go to some dollar and eighty-eight millinery store and watch him rebel. Look in at the window and comment favorably on one or two of the shapes if you can't do anything else, especially if some other people are standing by looking in. He'll insist on your going to some decent place. Don't take him to Elise, though. Go any place where there's a fairly good assortment, but not where they take $50 hats as a matter of course. All you've got to do is to pick out an intelligent, saleswoman and insist on something inexpensive. If she brings you anything over $5 say 'No, thank you; I can't afford to pay that price.'"

"I don't see"—

"Well, you will. You'll see that he'll insist on buying something better, and you'll see that he'll be about as helpless as a baby between you and the saleswoman, and he'll see that the only way for any assortment of it is to urge you not to consider expense. Don't tell me he won't. I know you. You can have any hat you want, and he'll go out of the store under the impression that he selected it. And you don't want to disillusion him either. Tell him that you think the hat is perfectly charming and you are afraid he has been extravagant and the one at $11 would have done just as well. See if he doesn't tell you that it's economy in the long run to get a good thing and that you will get more than $5 worth of satisfaction out of the difference in the price. But don't ever let him convince you."

"Why not?"

"Because it wouldn't do. But don't fail to tell him how your friends raved about the hat and how surprised they seemed when you told them it was his choice and how they said they would hate to have their husbands pick out a hat for them and how you thought so, too, but didn't say it, and mention casually as the thing goes on to any company you have that you always let William select your hats on account of his exquisite taste, the only drawback being his criminal disregard of price. Same thing applies to gowns or anything else."

"But it would be awful to have to be everlastingly taking him around."

"You won't have to," said the elderly woman. "Don't you worry about that. He'll get tired after the first few times and let you get what you want yourself. But you won't hear any more talk about your extravagance. He'll have got his horizon extended. But don't on any account let him lose his own good opinion of his taste."

"It seems a little deceptive," said the young woman, "but I almost believe I'll try it."—Chicago News.

Suited to His Business.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the kind old lady to the beggar, "are they the best shoes you've got?"

"Why, lady," replied the candid beggar, "could yer imagine better ones fur its bizness? Every one o' dem holes means nickels an' dimes ter me."—Philadelphia Press.

A Breaker.

Mistress—Jane, have you smashed the handle on to the water jug which you dropped yesterday, Jane—I started to, mum, but, most unfortunately, I dropped the cement bottle.—Punch.

Lame.

"The railroad wants to dig a cut right through our suburb."

"And do they offer no excuse?"

"Oh, they say divided outskirts will be more modish."—Washington Herald.

It is only imperfection that complains of what is imperfect. The more perfect we are the more gentle and quiet we become toward the defects of others.—Fenelon.

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DOCTORS MISTAKES

Are said often to be buried six feet under ground. But many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous prostration, another with pain here and there, and in this way they present alike to themselves and their easy-going or overbusy doctor, separate diseases, for which he, assuming them to be such, prescribes his pills and potions. In reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some uterine disease. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, keeps up his treatment until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, possibly worse, by wrong treatment, but probably worse. A proper medicine like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the seat of woman's suffering, will in a few days relieve the dragging down sensations, irritation, pain, inflammation, ulceration, and other symptoms, and restore the delicate organs to perfect health and vigor. By supplying all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery. It has been well said, that "a disease known is half cured."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully devised by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate system. It is made of native American medicinal roots and is perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition or at any period of life.

As a powerful invigorating tonic "Favorite Prescription" imparts strength to the whole system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the uterus. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. One to three a dose. Easy to take as candy.

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The Big Store, SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 5, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—L. K. Hogarth has a new advertisement in this issue.

—Come to the McKean County Fair and Races, Sept. 17-20.

—The Eggleston Co. advertises a sale of school shoes this week.

—C. E. Barrett is laying a cement walk in front of his premises on Mill street.

—A farmer near Washington was being over run with rats when he engaged four men to assist him and the five marched about the place each beating a snare drum. The music was too much for the rats which disappeared entirely.

—"This country will be entirely destroyed on account of its wickedness on the last day of this month," says Samuel Willitte, a Baptist preacher from Arkansas, who arrived from Europe the other day. Now it wouldn't be right to call a preacher a liar would it?—Ex.

—In Philadelphia some days ago, a boy was playing soldier, his blind grandmother being his audience. Accidentally he severely tapped the lady, (who was over 80 years old) on the temple with a drum stick. The woman felt a sharp stinging sensation in her brain. Then there came to her eyes a perceptible glow of light—the first she had experienced in many years. Her sight improved and now she goes about the house without assistance. The tap on the head produced some sort of disturbance in the woman's brain that revived her sight. The doctors are studying on the subject and may get a new idea from the incident.

—John A. Maxwell, the 14-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Maxwell of Hinsdale, was killed at Olean last Friday. He stepped around the end of a train at the Erie depot and was crushed by a freight engine. He was taken to the hospital where it was found that his right shoulder and breast were badly crushed, his left leg broken, the left side of the face badly bruised and he had received a severe blow on the back of the head. The wheels, however, did not pass over any portion of his body, and the only place where the flesh was cut was be ween the thumb and finger of the right hand. The injured boy lingered until 1:30 p. m., when he passed away.

Help the Editor.

An Oklahoma editor puts forth this plea: "My friend, help the editor in his wide-eyed search for news. When your friends come to you, if you are not ashamed of it, tell him; when your wife gives a tea party, if you will have recovered from the effects of the gossip, drop in with the news; when a baby arrives fill your pockets with cigars and talk; if you go to a party, steal some of the good things and leave 'em with the item in our sanctum. If your wife licks you, come in and let us see your scars and tender sympathy through the paper. If your mother-in-law has died, don't be bashful about it; give in all the commonplace news. In short, whatever makes you feel proud, sad, lonesome or glad submit it to our twenty-four carat wisdom and see our matted lock part and stand up on end with gratitude, which will pour from every pore with moisture from a dew besprinkled earth."—Topeka State-Journal.

The Bird Got Wise.

A gentleman by way of a joke placed a golf ball in the nest of his ancient parrot. Polly sat with exemplary patience on her novel egg and appeared pretty nearly heartbroken when the weeks went by and she found herself unrewarded. At last she could stand it no longer. A terrible screeching brought her owner downstairs at 4 o'clock in the morning.

"What's the matter, Polly?" he asked as he noticed that the bird's beak was chipped through trying to get at the interior.

"Matter!" screeched Polly. "Great Scott, I'm bunkered!"—London Telegraph.

Pedestrian Rights.

Only in Great Britain, so far as I know, does the law hold that a foot passenger has an equal right to the highway with the wheeled traffic and that it is the duty of the driver of the latter to avoid at all costs the former, even if he has to do so at considerable inconvenience and often danger. In other countries, on the contrary, it is the duty of the pedestrian to give way to the wheeled traffic.—Atlanta Constitution.

Read Letter Days.

"Most people have red letter days once in a while," observed the pretty girl sweetheart, as she put the perused missive back in its envelope, "but every day is a red letter day for me."—Norristown Times.

Your skin should be clear and bright if your liver is in normal condition. Dades Little Liver Pills act on the liver; and headache, consumption and billousness disappear. Price 25 cents. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

A Hideous Dream.

I had a horrible dream a few nights ago. I dreamed that I was the sub-editor of a religious weekly. There is nothing dreadful in that, of course. The horrible part comes later. My editor, just off for a holiday—editors generally are, you know—instructed me to write to several people of eminence and ask them to tell me their favorite prayer. (I record this little story in all reverence, you understand.) Well, many of the eminent people replied, including a lady novelist of great fame. The lady wrote:

"Dear Sir—In reply to your esteemed favor, I have much pleasure in informing you that my favorite prayer is, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'"

I placed it at the head of the column, put the paper to bed and went there myself, feeling pleased. Next morning when I opened my copy of the religious weekly I found that three letters had been dropped from the lady novelist's favorite prayer, which, to my consternation, now read as follows: "Give us this day our daily ad." I woke up screaming.—Kehle Howard in Sketch.

Classed as an Antique Also.

A charming hostess of one of the "big houses," as they are called by those who are acclaimed into them, has the added beauty of prematurely white hair, says the Washington Star. That which seems to her contemporaries an added charm, and appears to the crudely young a mark of dignity, at least as it appears in one instance of which the hostess herself tells with enjoyment.

The lady is a connoisseur of antiques. At one of her teas a débutante clerk with the glow of youth, but sadly constrained with her sense of her own novelty, was handed a cup of tea. The cup was beautifully fine and wonderfully old. The hostess, desiring to lighten the strain on her youthful guest by a pleasingly diverting remark, said: "That little cup is 150 years old."

"Oh," came the debutante's high strained tones, "how careful you must be to have kept it so long."

Trades That Kill.

One of the most dangerous of trades, according to the Pilgrim, "is the covering of toy animals with skin, chamois leather being used for instance for the elephants, calfskin for the horse and goatskin for the camels. This covering must of course fit without a wrinkle to look natural, so the wooden model is first dipped into glue, then sprinkled with chalk dust; then the skin is put on. The chalk is so fine that it fills the air and is drawn into the throat and lungs. A year of this sort of work often results in death. Another very unfortunate process is the gilding. The fumes that solvent used, attacking the blood, produce yellow jaundice and purple are most of their poisonous."

Swelled Head.

A typical Englishwoman, when someone spoke the other day of a certain man having a "swelled head," looked dazed. "Really! You don't mean it!" cried the Englishwoman. "I'm very sorry." A day or so later the Englishwoman, happening to meet the wife of the man in question, observed that she was so sorry to hear that Mr. Blank was ill.

"But he isn't," cried the wife. "He was never better in his life."

"Is that so?" said the Englishwoman. "Why, what could Mrs. Dash have meant the other day when she said her husband was suffering from a swelled head?"

His Narrow Escape.

A jolly old steamboat captain with more girth than height was asked if he had ever had any very narrow escapes.

"Yes," he replied, his eyes twinkling, "once I fell off my boat at the mouth of Bear creek, and, although I'm an expert swimmer, I guess I'd be there now if it hadn't been for my crew. You see, the water was just deep enough so's to be over my head when I tried to wade out, and just shallow enough—he gave his body an explanatory pat—so that whenever I tried to swim out I dragged bottom."—Everybody's.

Horrible Example.

"My dear," said Mrs. Strongmind, "I want you to accompany me to the town hall tomorrow evening."

"What for?" queried the meek and lowly other half of the combine.

"I am to lecture on the 'Dark Side of Married Life,'" explained Mrs. S., "and I want you to sit on the platform and pose as one of the illustrations."—Chicago News.

A Financial Pessimist.

Gaye—Yes, he is what you might term a financial pessimist. Myers—What's a financial pessimist? Gaye—A man who is afraid to look pleasant for fear his friends will want to borrow something.

Accidental.

Alice—How did you come to meet your second husband, Grace? Grace—It was purely accidental. He ran over my first one with a motor car and afterward attended the funeral.

A Crash.

"John, what was that awful noise in the bathroom just now?"

"Don't worry, my dear," replied John sleepily. "It was merely a crash towel falling."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Poor Old Sol!

An astronomer says that an enormous dark planet is rushing toward the sun and that the impact, which is to take place in a few thousand years, will be frightful. Great Caesar! If that's the case, Old Sol stands a good chance of having the spots knocked out of him.—Morristown Times.

What Ma Said.

Little Girl (to lady visitor)—Please, Miss Jawerer, let me see your tongue. Miss J. (surprised)—Why, my dear? Little Girl—Why, ma said you'd no end of a tongue.—London Sketch.

The Danger of Soap.

When a man goes to some thermal springs to "boil out" all the old Saxon that is in him he quickly learns one of the more important lessons of life and civilization—that is, he acquires a supreme contempt for soap. When he takes his first tub, at 90 to 102 degrees, twenty minutes in the water to soak, the attendant gives him a terrible scrubbing, using a sharp soap and a loofa. After that first bath no more soap is used. The man continues to soak daily in water of the same temperature for twenty minutes and is rubbed with the loofa, but no soap. "Soap," the expert attendant will tell you, "clogs up the pores of the skin. Our object is to keep 'em open. We cure all diseases by giving the pores a chance to breathe and excrete." Your hands, chap? Wherefore? Because when you last washed them you neglected to rinse them thoroughly. You left the pores clogged with soap. Your complexion is muddy. Wherefore? You forget to wash the soap off your cheeks. Hereafter rinse, rinse, rinse. Keep on rinsing. Continually rinse.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Grotesque Spanish Honor.

There is a story about the Duke of Wellington that illustrates the fantastic idea of honor held by many Spaniards, contrasted with the practical common sense of Englishmen. When the duke was co-operating with the Spanish army in the peninsula against Napoleon he was desirous on one occasion during a general engagement that the general commanding the Spanish contingent should execute a certain movement on the right. He communicated the wish to the Spaniard personally and was somewhat taken aback to be told that the honor of the king of Spain and his army would compel him to refuse the request unless Wellington as a foreign officer graciously permitted to exist and fight on Spanish soil, should present the petition on his knees. The old duke often used to tell the story afterward, and he would say: "Now, I was extremely anxious to have the movement executed, and I didn't care a twopenny damn about getting on my knees, so down I jumped."

A Dog and His Name.

"There was a dog once which excited much attention in Berlin some years ago," said a former resident of that city. "A citizen complained to the authorities against a neighbor who, he said, to annoy him, gave his name to a mongrel cur. 'He calls my name,' he said, 'and when I turn around he laughs and says he was calling his dog.'

"'What's your name?' asked the magistrate.

"'My name is Schultz.'

"'And the dog, sir?' the magistrate asked the other man.

"'Yes, your honor, but I call it with a B—Schultz.'

"All this without the 'f' confounded the magistrate, trying to look serious. The man did so, the dog rang to him and an order to change the name of he dog followed."

The Water Bottle's Shape.

Three useful purposes and probably many more than three are served by making the familiar water bottle of such a distinctive pattern. In the first place the narrowness of the neck prevents the entry of much dust that would inevitably settle on the water were the entire surface exposed; in the next place the same narrowness prevents excessive and rapid evaporation of the water, and in the third place the shape of the neck makes it a capital handle, thus doing away with the necessity for a separate handle, fastened to the body of the bottle, a course that would render it much less convenient and more liable to be broken.—Pearson's.

The Sequel to the Joke.

Many years ago a visitor to Edinburgh was being shown over the high court of justiciary. He made some remark concerning the dock and its duties, and in reply the official jocularly said the visitor might one day be sentenced to be hanged in that very room. The sightseer was the notorious Dr. Pritchard. Two years had barely passed when in the dock he had so closely inspected he was doomed to death for poisoning his wife and mother-in-law.

A Superior Brand.

Mrs. Jenkins—My little boy's got the measles.

Mrs. Tomkins—So has mine; he got it from the grocer's children.

Mrs. Jenkins (dissatisfied)—Oh, my little boy got it from the clergyman's children.—London Tit-Bits.

The Visible Signs.

"The Goits have been doing some mountain climbing in Switzerland."

"There! Guessed it the minute I set eyes on them the other day."

"How could you tell?"

"They had such a peaked look about them."—Baltimore American.

That is the best government which desires to make people happy and knows how to make them happy.—Macaulay.

L. K. Hogarth

We have New Designs in

Hand Painted

AND

Cut Glass

Our Glass is Hawkis Standard Ware suitable for acceptable wedding gifts. We pack ready for shipping free of charge.

L. K. HOGARTH,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT

I am headquarters for

SHEET IRON

ZINC

BRASS

COPPER

and TIN

STOVE PIPE

made to order, any size

Anything in the tinner's line given prompt and careful attention.

EDGAR H. STRONG.

[illegible] SMETHPORT

Send for the New Catalogue of the STATE NORMAL SCHOOL at Indiana

—it is the most elaborate ever issued by a normal school and completely describes the splendid equipment and facilities of this institution.

Address

DR. JAMES E. AMENT

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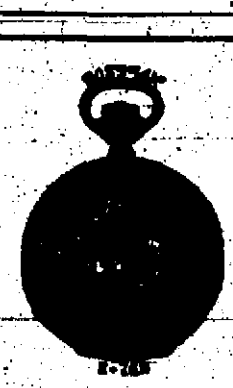

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

Weak Kidneys

Weak Kidneys simply point to weak kidney Nerves. The Kidneys, like the Heart, and the Stomach, and their weakness, rest in the organ itself, but in the nerves that control and guide and strengthen them. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is a medicine specifically prepared to reach these controlling nerves. To doctor the Kidneys alone, is futile. It is a waste of time, and of money as well.

If your back aches or is weak, if the urine scalds, or is dark and strong, if you have symptoms of Bright's or other distressing or dangerous kidney disease, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative—a medicine—Tablets or Liquid—and see what it can and will do for you. Druggist recommend and sell

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

(ALL DEALERS)

A. STURDVEINT

I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by "Fulin" Musanti, and to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc

Your patronage is solicited.

PINEULES

30 DAYS' TREATMENT FOR $1.00

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FOR ALL KIDNEY BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO

A dose at bed time usually relieves the most severe case before morning.

BACK-ACHE

PINEULE MEDICINE CO. CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

A Safe and Sure Cough Cure.

Kemp's Balsam

Does not contain Opium, Morphine, or any other narcotic or "habit-forming" drug.

There is no Narcotic in Kemp's Balsam.

Nothing of a poisonous or harmful character enters into its composition. This clean and pure cough cure cures coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It has saved thousands from consumption.

It has saved thousands of lives.

A 25c. bottle contains 40 doses.

At all druggists', 25c., 50c. and $1.

Don't accept anything else.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

We Can Please You.

Emperor and Puritan 50c

Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

The Town Talk Times

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of five per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Proprietor.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 5, 1907

Republican Ticket.

For State Treasurer,
HON. JOHN O. SHEATZ,
Philadelphia.

For County Treasurer,
HON. A. F. BANNON,
Bradford.

For Coroner,
E. R. SHERMAN,
Bradford.

A section of the new bridge across the St. Lawrence river five miles below Quebec, collapsed late Thursday afternoon, carrying scores of bridge workers and mechanics into the water, killing nearly 30 people and injuring several others.

A Knox club is to be organized in in Bradford tonight. Philander C. Knox is certainly the choice of Pennsylvania unless President Roosevelt should decide to accept the third term, which seems rather doubtful now, and clubs should be organized in every city and town in the state.

PROFESSOR MALONY, a baloonist, dropped 2,000 feet to earth, striking on a cedar fence post last Thursday at Barnstable, Mass., and is alive with good prospects of complete recovery. Something went wrong with the baloon and his parachute failed to open. How he could live through such an experience is miraculous.

CAMPAIGNERS should bear in mind these facts: The law against corrupt practices in election, forbids the use of money for buying drinks and cigars for the purpose of inducing men to vote for any candidate. And the law provides that all moneys, whether paid for newspaper support or for work done by individuals, in others, must appear in the published account of the candidates expenditures. There are other provisions in the law to be studied and complied with if the candidate would avoid trouble.—Bradford Era.

RICHARD MANSFIELD, considered by some critics the greatest actor in the world, died at his summer home, near New London, Conn., last Friday after a long illness, which began with a breakdown last winter at Saratoga, Pa. Mr. Mansfield made his last appearance as Pere Gaut. A trip to Europe failed to benefit his health. Mr. Mansfield was born in Heligoland in 1857. He studied art in England and married one of his leading women, Beatrice Cameron. He gained fame as Shylock, Henry V., Brutus in Julius Cæsar, Beau Brummel and Cyrano De Bergerac. His home was on Riverside Drive, New York.

The State Campaign.

The expectations entertained by our friends the Democrats that they would be liable to make a campaign for the election of a State Treasurer this year, on the Capitol exposures are not so buoyant as they were. That issue cannot be made.

Any attempt to shield the Capitol looters might have made a different situation. But instead of any such effort the Capitol Commission went every length to secure all the facts and a complete exposure, and it has unflinchingly presented for proper punishment all who are involved by the evidence. This is recognized and acknowledged by the press of all parties in the State. There is no issue in this that can divide the two leading party candidates for state treasurer. Both stand upon a platform denouncing the steal and demanding punishment of the thieves.

When the Republican Convention nominated John O. Sheatz it presented a candidate who can be honorable supported by every citizen of the Commonwealth calling himself a Republican, no matter what his factional preferences may have been in the past two or three years. When such candidates as Mr. Sheatz are nominated for public office there is no reason for opposition in the party. It brings about a condition which the better sentiment of the party has sought, and it is accepted as a recognition of that sentiment. It gives the party an independent, self-owned, unbossed candidate.

The high character of the Republican nominee, his unimpeachable personal and public record, are concealed by the opposition newspapers. Their whole campaign effort so far has been to make it appear that, having been nominated by a regular convention, he will be Machine controlled. This would be good enough reasoning if applied to one who had been subserveint to Machine control at any time—to a Harris, a Mathues or a Plummer, for instance. But Mr. Sheatz has been independent of such influence in all his public life and he owes his nomination to that independence and not to Machine favor.

Against such a candidate it is not possible to make a campaign such as the opposition are undertaking. We shall soon be well into the work of an active campaign, and the people of the state, who already know about the record of public service made by Mr. Sheatz, will have an opportunity to meet him face to face and see what manner of man he is. Granting all that is claimed for the Democratic nominee, he has no qualities that would make him a better or more faithful guardian of the people's interests in the Treasury than John O. Sheatz will be.

It should be and is gratifying to all sincere Republicans that their party has a candidate of such high character and trustworthiness as to have and deserve their confidence.—Philadelphia Press.

The Game Laws.

To perhaps none but the leading sportsmen of the State, are the game laws for this fall clear, in view of the changes made by the last legislature. A number of incorrect reports relative to the true laws have been circulating, and as the open season is only about four weeks away, it is time for the huntsmen of the state to know exactly what they can and cannot do. This very few people are posted before, seem to know, so we herewith reprint the accurate laws as they now stand. No comment is necessary, as they cannot now be changed, and if they are not popular with the sportsmen of the state, they must be respected anyway. Suffice to say that the open season for a number of game birds and creatures has been extended, while the laws relative to killing of deer have been made more stringent than ever before. It will this season take an expert to kill a deer in compliance with the law, so a little practice before hand would not come amiss.

The bill to prohibit the killing of quail for three years failed of passage and the law on these birds is unchanged.

The open season for killing game is as follows:

Plover, number unlimited, July 15 to December 1.

Doves and shore birds, number unlimited, September 1 to January 1.

Wild water fowls, number unlimited September 1 to April 10 without intermission.

Snipe, number unlimited, September 1 to May 1.

Ruffled grouse or pheasants, five in one day, twenty in one week, fifty in one season, October 1 to December 1.

Woodcock, ten in one day, twenty in one week, fifty in one season, October 1 to December 1.

Squirrels, six in one day, October 1 to March 1.

Bears, unlimited, October 1 to May 1.

Wild turkeys, one in a day, four in a season, October 1 to December 1.

Rabbits, unlimited, October 1 to December 1. The penalty for taking a rabbit out of a hole has been removed and it is now lawful to take them in any manner, except with the aid of a ferret, during the season.

Quail in Virginia partridge, ten in one day, forty in one week, seventy five in one season, November 1 to December 1.

Deer, one each season, which must be a male deer, with horns, November 15 to December 15.

The new law prohibiting the use of automatic guns does not include the pump gun or lever gun.

Do You Advertise.

It is up to the merchants of the country to wake up. More ginger must be instilled into country merchandise by the rank and file if successful headway is to be gained against mail order house. It is not fair for two or three merchants of town to be burdened with the brunt of the fight to maintain a town's supremacy as a market place. Every merchant in the town should recognize it as his duty to help fight against the mail order house.

At first blush this seems impossible, but it is not. In fact it is easy to do. In the first place you are acquainted with a majority of the people living in your trade territory. You know them personally and call many of them by their given names. You visit them at their homes. In this you have the advantage of the mail order house. You can advertise your goods to the people of your trade territory at much less cost than the mail-order house, and do it much more effectively. But the great trouble is that two many country merchants do not believe in advertising. They say, "Oh, we know every one that trades with us; they would come any way."

That is not a good argument. Perhaps if there were no mail-order houses you would get a goodly share of custom from people you know, but even your competitor who advertises liberally will get the bulk of the business. If you have something to sell you have got to tell the people about it that you want to sell it to. You can't catch them all in your store to tell about it, you have got to tell the majority of them about your goods in their homes, and you cannot visit all their homes, so you have got to do the next best thing—send them a message. Considering the cost, the more effective way to send a message is through your newspaper.

Mail-order houses employ a mammoth catalogue, profusely illustrated. Well you can illustrate your goods in your ads in your newspapers and make them tell just as effective a story as the catalogue of the mail order house.

And now here comes your great advantage. You can place your goods in your show windows, and attract attention of your customers to them and when they come into your store, you can say: Here are my goods, look at them, examine them before you buy, know what you are getting before you pay your money, and if they are not satisfactory, bring them back and we will exchange them for you." In these latter particulars you have a wonderful advantage over the mail order house.

Wake up then, and help your more enterprising merchants go after business and show the farmers of your territory that you have a live enterprising town, with plenty of goods at prices that compare favorably with the mail-order prices, less freight, on particularly all lines. Where ever you find a town like this you will not hear complaints about mail-order competition. It cannot exist in a live community.—Furniture Journal.

Stomach troubles, Heart and Kidney ailments, can be quickly corrected with a prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The prompt and surprising relief which this remedy immediately brings is entirely due to its Restorative action upon the controlling nerves of the Stomach, etc.,

A weak Stomach, causing dyspepsia, a weak Heart with palpitation or intermittent pulse, always means weak Stomach nerves or weak Heart nerves. Strengthen these inside or controlling nerves with Dr. Shoop's Restorative and see how quickly these ailments disappear. Dr. Shoop of Racine, Wis., will mail samples free. Write for them. A test will tell. Your health is certainly worth this simple trial. Sold by All Dealers.

Pain anywhere, in the head, painful periods, Neuralgia, toothache, all pains can be promptly stopped by a thoroughly safe little Pink Candy Tablet, known by Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. Pain simply means congestion—undue blood pressure at the point where pain exists. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets quickly equalize this unnatural blood pressure and pain immediately departs. Write Dr. Shoop Racine, Wis., and get a free trial package. Large box 25 cts.—Druggists. Sold by All Dealers.

Don't forget to stop at Youngs store and look over the inducements offered.

Chase and Sanborn's

Coffee.

"Specially Blended
Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at

20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove,

Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

Cleanse Your System

The first natural laxative introduced to the American people is

HUN-E-LAX
THE BOWEL BON BON
"PURE AS HONEY"

HUN-E-LAX—the little Bee-Hive-shaped **Bowel Bon Bon** cleanses the bowel passages with natural sweetness and helps every organ to help itself to health.

Ask your druggist for HUN-E-LAX and be sure you get the little Bee-hive-shaped **Bowel Bon Bon.** Take no other.

10 cents—The Box of 8—all druggists

Wilds Laxative Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

BURDICK & SARTWELL

PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Photo Fancies

For Smart Young Ladies & Gentlemen

THE HIT
OF
THE SEASON.

Something more than a Photograph. We know they will interest you.

CALL and Ask About THEM

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

Notice of Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made by E. W. Hilton, H. W. Rubin, Robert Bauer, M. P. Straight and G. B. Mayo to the Governor of Pennsylvania, on the 10th day of September, A. D. 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m., under the provisions of an Act of Assembly entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, P. L. 73, and the several supplements thereto for the charter for an intended corporation to be called Smethport Chemical Company, the character and object of which is the manufacturing and marketing acetate of lime, wood alcohol, charcoal and other products of wood from distillation, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by said Act of Assembly and the supplements thereto.

E. R. MAYO & SON, Solicitors.

August 21, 1907.

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Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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New Spring and Summer Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

Special Bargain Sale.

We are now offering all Millinery, Shirt Waists, Shirt Waist Suits and Separate Skirts at genuine bargains. Don't fail to see them.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman, Smethport.

R. G. TERRY.

MEATS
FRESH and SALT
FISH
Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

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BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800. Union Phone 402

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Administrator's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that James A. McKean, administrator of the estate of Reverend Patrick Cosgrove, late of Smethport, Pa., deceased, will expose at public sale at his residence, Main street, in the borough of Smethport on Saturday, September 7, 1907, at eleven o'clock, a. m., a quantity of books, including a full set of the Encyclopedia Americana, and a lady's gold watch. An examination of the goods to be sold may be made at any time on the day of the sale. Terms cash.

JAMES A. McKEAN, Administrator.

Smethport, Pa., August 28, 1907.

Selling out

Of Oxfords for this Summer, and in order to do it we are quoting the following prices on the best shoes made:

White Canvas.....at big reductions
Men's Hannan and Nettleton $5 and $5.50.....at $3.95
Men's other makes, $4 and $3.50.....at $2.95
Women's $4 oxfords.....at $2.95
Women's $3.50 " .....at $2.65
Women's $3 " .....at $2.35

These are in all styles and leathers. It will pay you to buy.

RUBIN'S SHOE STORE.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC!

I hereby certify that I am still determined to go out of the mercantile business. I shall therefore buy no more goods, but will continue to offer unheard of bargains from the remaining stock, which contains a good and useful assortment, and all for little money.

Respectfully,

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

The Brownell Store
ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS

ORANGE PEKOE FERN PEAS
ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA

Are having a great sale in our store at present and they well deserve it. If you have not tried them do so at once.

We also carry a full line of Fresh Groceries and the best of Berries and Green Goods.

Andrews & Scull.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

WE WISH TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

We think we have it complete in every way. Please bring your family recipes and give us a trial. We have a fine line of

New Spring Novelties in Papetries. Also a new line of Chamois.

H. C. WELLS.

JUST A WORD
—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

SCHOOL SHOES

THIS WEEK.

Are your children supplied with good servicable school shoes? They should be. And we are in a position to fit them with good shoes; shoes that will wear; shoes that are built to stand the rough wear of school wear. Try them.

Hosiery too that has wear in it.

The "Bear Skin".....at 15c

"Our Special".....at 25c

Some of the early numbers of fall and winter suits are here. It will pay you to see them early.

THE LINDHOLM CO.

CHI-NAMEL DEMONSTRATION

At our Booth at the Fair.

Do not miss this opportunity to learn how to secure a new hardwood floor for $2.50. Any old floor, oil cloth or linoleum made to look like new hardwood. Any color, any style of grain. Lessons given free by special instructor.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner,

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 5, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Teachers' Institute, Smethport, Oct. 7-8.

—Labor Day passed off quietly in town.

—Read the new advertisement of Fry & Comes this week.

—Much business was transacted at Argument Court this week.

—The County Fair is offering $70 in prizes for educational work.

—Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Wright will be at home Sept. 10th from 3 to 5 p. m.

—H. C. Wells is putting down a stone walk in front of his store on Main street.

—A new stone walk is being laid around Chas. McKean's residence at the corner of Main and Mechanic streets.

—Anyone wishing a desirable building lot at a reasonable figure can find it by calling on or addressing the MINER.

—The new ad of Daly & Garlick calls attention to the Chi-Namel demonstration which they will have at their booth at the fair.

—It is now up to you to profit by a great sale of high class clothing, as advertised by Monheimer in his large ad in this issue.

—The Ladies Aid Society of St. Elizabeth's church will hold a cooked food sale at the parish house at the usual hours on Saturday.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Newman on Thursday morning, September 5, 1907, a boy at the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest.

—The many attractions at the McKean County Fair and Races, Sept. 17-20, are sure to draw unusually large crowds. Get into the run and be here with the crowd.

—"A Sleeping Memory" is the title of a novel. That must be the kind of memory that certain newspaper subscribers possess—subscribers who fail to remit.—Bradford Era.

—Philip Stravino is putting in a new front in the west half of his Pierce House property on Water street. We understand he is going to move his store there in the near future.

—Work was resumed in the Berney-Bond Bottle factory here Tuesday. A full crew of men were on hand and everything points to a successful season. Many repairs and improvements have been made in and about the factory, which makes it one of the best in the

—Red Shirt, a Sioux brave of South Dakota, shot himself because his mother-in-law would not split the family wood. The new woman is a bitter disappointment to the sensitive Sioux.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The Bishop will administer Confirmation on Friday evening, Sept. 13th, the service beginning at 7:30 o'clock.

—We learn from the Mt. Jewett Herald that the Healy and Keystone companies of Hazelhurst, the State Line of Ceres and the McCoy company of Mt. Jewett have consolidated under the name of the Consolidated Window Glass Company.

—James Kinney died at his home on King street, at 11:30 this morning of heart and kidney trouble. He was 66 years of age and leaves six children, James, in the East Indies; John, Edward, Owen, Mrs. Patrick Garrity and Miss Anne Kinney.—Eldred Eagle.

—Augustus H. Wilson, father of Harry L. Wilson and Howard Wilson formerly of this place, died at the home of his son, Mack, in Port Allegany on Monday of last week, aged 88 years. He was a veteran of the Civil War and highly respected by all who knew him.

—There are over 200 cases of typhoid fever in Ridgway at present, but the health officials and local physicians think the epidemic has reached its height. New cases are being reported nearly every day, but these conditions will probably soon end as the authorities think they have removed the cause of the disease.

—Frank Ciepinno, a shoemaker, who last Saturday night shot and killed one of three alleged members of the Black Hand society, who had entered his store at Blainville, Pa., and demanded money, was exonerated by a coroner's jury on ground of self-defense, Tuesday. Ciepinno, who was stabbed by the assailants, one of whom was captured, will recover.

—Charles Bosworth of Olean, a motorman of the Western New York and Pennsylvania Traction company had a leg crushed last Thursday morning in a collision between two passenger cars near Loop Switch, between Four Mile and Olean. He was taken to the Olean hospital where the leg was amputated. No one else was injured in the collision.

—A Kansas man is convinced that advertising pays. He advertised for a lost $5 bill and a stranger who had picked up one on the streets, read the advertisement and restored the bill to the advertiser. A few days later, while looking over a waistcoat he had laid off, the original lost bill was found in a pocket. He says advertising pays 100 per cent.—Ulica Press.

—The crusade against the immoral post card is spreading and in some of the larger cities dealers are being prosecuted by the postal authorities. It is high time that a stop was put to the distribution of these vile things, not only in our large cities, but in the smaller towns where they have a much more depraving influence among the younger men of a community.

—Nelson O. Chapin, a brakeman on the Pennsylvania Railroad, was fatally injured at Eldred last Saturday. While some switching was being done he was found hanging head downwards between two cars, his skull being badly crushed. How the accident happened is not known. He was taken to Olean where he died in the hospital that night. He is 25 years old and is survived by a wife and father of Olean and some brothers and sisters of Port Allegany.

—A. B. Cohn of Kane has instituted a $25,000 suit for slander against James Campbell of that place. It seems that a franchise granted by the council of which Cohn was a member, gave rise to alleged defamatory remarks about that body. The Republican says that if some of these knockers get mulcted to the tune of $10,000 or $20,000 it will be very apt to put a quietus on some of their accusations or at least they will be pretty sure they can prove their assertions before they make their charges.

A Tribute to Miss Rubin.

(Communicated.)

It is but seldom that the death of a young girl has caused such an almost universal and sincere expression of sorrow as that of Ida Irene Rubin, which occurred on Saturday morning, Aug. 31.

She was one of the fortunate people in this world to whom it can truthfully be said "to know her was to love her." Little children, with many of whom she came in contact, loved her. Among her young friends she was not only dearly loved, but was looked to for ready help in carrying out their plans for their charitable work or for their pleasures and amusements. The men and women of the older generation admired and loved her. She had been, from babyhood, the constant companion of many of their children and they watched with deepest interest the development of such a gracious character.

Her charmingly dainty personality and her sweet, lovable, helpful disposition, were the outgrowth of the predominant trait of her character, fully described in one word—unselfishness. Her own wishes or plans would be cheerfully given up, if it could be shown her that other plans would be better for, or even give more pleasure to others. At times in doing a kindness she simply placed herself, forgoing upon another the credit of doing a kindly deed which came entirely from her suggestion.

Her quiet thoughtfulness for her sick and afflicted friends will never be forgotten.

How thoroughly thoughtfulness for others was part of her daily life was most touchingly illustrated by an incident which occurred within a few days of her death and in the very extremity of her weakness. Ida's life was a short one but it was a useful one. The influence of the unconscious example of such a lovely character will not end with her life here, it will go on and influence for good the lives of future generations.

We commend her to the love and care of Almighty God.

The Ladies' Home Journal Patterns have a uniform seam allowance, thus doing away with the confusing outlets which only waste material and spoil the style of a garment. Sold by Fry & Comes.

Young's bargain sale is still on.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. Emma J. Sprague of Buffalo is visiting in town.

H. S. Sartwell of Olean was a visitor in town Tuesday.

Hon. L. Rogers of Kane had business in town on Monday.

Mrs. M. M. Coleman is visiting her old school day friends in town.

C. S. King of Port Allegany was a visitor in town on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Redfield returned from Syracuse last evening.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mitchell of Erie arrived in town last evening.

W. F. Cummins of Oblong, Ill., is visiting his brother B. J. Cummins.

Paul D. Hamlin of Chicago is in town called here by the death of his grandfather.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. H. Morrison and son returned Tuesday from a week's visit to Cuba Lake.

W. J. Milliken of Bradford was in town Monday to attend the funeral of F. O. Richmond.

Mrs. C. H. Curtis is speding a few days in Buffalo, the guest of her sister Mrs. Charles Hartmayer.

William Purtle of South Bend is visiting his brother T. H. Purtle and renewing old acquaintances.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Cain returned from their honeymoon trip Monday and are located at the Wright House.

Walter H. Metcalf of Rochester is here to spend the winter with his uncle, Rev. W. A. Harris, and attend school.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Denning and children returned home last Thursday after a two weeks' visit at Chautauqua Lake.

Miss Myrtle Hinman returned Saturday from Cleveland where she visited the wholesale millinery firms of Read Bros. & Co. and Hart & Co.

S. E. Bell returned home Monday from the Illinois oil field. Mr. Bell has struck another big well on his lease and we congratulate him on his good luck.

Mrs. B. L. Knapp and R. K. Knapp visited Rochester Sunday last and were accompanied home Monday by Mrs. Knapp's daughter, Mrs. E. V. Lewis of that city.

Estray Notice.

Came to my premises in this borough on Sept. 3, two calves, about one year old. Owner can have same by proving property, paying costs and damages. Otherwise they will be disposed of according to the law governing estrays.

CALLAHAN MCCARTHY,
Smethport, Pa.

Collars, yokes and all curve pieces in The Ladies' Home Journal Patterns always join and fit perfectly; something that cannot be said of any other pattern made. Sold by Fry & Comes.

D. K. Seltzer, Veterinary Surgeon, of Wellsville, N. Y., will be here during the McKean County Fair and will try at business that need his services. Inquire at Jones' Livery.

To check a cold quickly get from your druggist some little Candy Cold Tablets called Preventics, for they are not only safe, but decidedly certain and prompt. Preventics contain no Quinine no laxative, nothing harsh, nor sickening. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventics will prevent Pneumonia, Bronchitis, La Grippe, etc. Hence the name, Preventics. Good for feverish children. 48 Preventics 25 cents. Trial Boxes 5 cts. Sold by All Dealers.

Trial Catarrh treatments are being mailed out free, on request, by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people without a penny's cost—the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by All Dealers.

—Subscribe for the MINER.

IF YOU HAVE THE READY CASH

BUY A SUIT NOW,

To-day, this morning if possible. The sooner the better is the best rule with a bargain of this rare character.

These Suits that all season have been the most popular in Smethport, and likewise the biggest value at their regular prices are sold for

THREE DAYS

only, Friday, Saturday and Monday, September 6, 7 and 9 at just

HALF-PRICE.

REASON.—We need money at once!!

Nothing is reserved, Mens' Blacks, Blue Serges and all fancy Worsteds, including all

Boy's and Childrens' Suits

at half-price.

$20.00 Suits Now	$10.00
$18.00 Suits Now	9.00
$15.00 Suits Now	7.50
$12.00 Suits Now	6.00
$10.00 Suits Now	5.00

and so on down to a $5.00 Suit for $2.50 or a $3.00 Suit for $1.50.

Most of these Suits are cut in the Style as worn this fall and many are heavy enough for winter wear.

REMEMBER, this Sale will last only 3 days, as advertised.

Wm. Monheimer.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Skirts

FRY & COMES.

Ladies' Home Journal Patterns, 10c & 15c.

We are Agents for Smethport.

Monthly Style Book free.

The Ladies' Home Journal Patterns are superior patterns. It is on this account that we sell them and it is on this account that their sales are booming. The Ladies' Home Journal Patterns are better fitting, more stylish, simpler and easier to use and far more economical of material than any other pattern you can buy.

Prices 10c and 15c.

Our customers have found the Ladies' Home Journal Patterns to excel in fit, style and many other qualities. Undoubtedly it is a better pattern and gives home dressmakers greater satisfaction than any other on the market. To do less these patterns could not carry the Ladies' Home Journal name and could not be sold in our store.

How often have you puzzled over how to put a pattern together. This difficulty is entirely overcome by the patented Guide Chart, furnished free with every Ladies' Home Journal Pattern. It shows the location of each piece in the completed garment. The corresponding notches have the same initial letter. The meanings of the perforations are made clear at a glance. With this Guide Chart the most inexperienced can make a success of home dressmaking.

For the first time American women now can stamp their own material for embroidery and needlework. By the aid of the Ladies' Home Journal Transfer Patterns, anyone can stamp initials, borders, corner pieces, etc., as easily as ironing a pocket handkerchief.

The Fall Quarterly style book, a complete catalog of Ladies' Home Journal Patterns, may be had at the pattern counter now—price 20c. With it you get a certificate good at any time for a 15c pattern. All pattern users should have this book.

McCall Patterns, any style, including September issue, 5c. We want to get rid of them in a hurry. 5c each ought to do it. They are a good pattern but the Ladies' Home Journal Pattern is much better. We have room for the best only.

The New Tailored Skirts are here—have a look at them.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Stick to the Handle.

You get more facts about easy running right at the crank of a separator than by listening to talk. If a separator turns easy, the crank tells you so as soon as you touch it. Lang selling the lightest running cream separator made—and it's the best every way you look at it. It's

THE SHARPLES TUBULAR

The Tubular is the cleanest skimming, most durable—easiest to wash separator made. The waist low can saves your back—the enclosed gears your fingers—the self oiling device saves time—uses the oil over and over and prevents dripping on machine and floor. The Tubular skimmed 2, 1-2 to 9 times cleaner than any other in a National Clean Skimming Contest. The Tubular is a money maker and labor saver—it increases the butter money 25 to 50 per cent, and lessens the work of handling milk about one half. Bring your wife around to see it. Let me give you a catalog with a lot of good things in it.

J. W. WAITE, Smethport.

We are Local Dealers for the Renowned

REMTICO

TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES

Manufactured by the

Remington Typewriter Company

(Incorporated)

Remtico Paragon Ribbons —in all colors and for all makes of typewriters.

Remtico Paragon, Red Seal and Billing Carbons of different weights suited for all classes of work.

All Remtico Typewriter Supplies are known as the Highest Grade Goods Manufactured.

McCoy's Drug Store,

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Brasted's WILL FILL YOUR ORDER FOR ALL KINDS OF FANCY ICE CREAM IN BRICKS, MOULDS OR BULK ON SHORT NOTICE.

LOVE AND THE LOCKSMITHS.

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

Copyrighted, 1897, by M. M. Cunningham.

Agatha, lifting her skirts daintily, tripped around the corner from the fashionable avenue where she lived to the dingy little side street, with its miniature shops and pretentious signs.

Yes, it still hung there between a cigar shop and a secondhand store—a mammoth yellow key. She had seen it many a time. That must mean a locksmith, and a locksmith was for her at that crucial moment most essential, for Agatha had locked herself out. But the locksmith's door refused to budge. Then a piece of paper stuck in the inside of the door frame caught Agatha's attention.

"Out. Will return at 6 p. m.," she read, with dismay.

She looked at her little chatelaine watch. It was 5:35. In half an hour her father would be home to dinner, bringing a business friend with him. It was hard enough, heaven knows, to have the maid fake French (or, more truthfully speaking, Scotch) leave the very morning and courageous enough, Agatha knew, to plan to get the dinner herself so as not to disappoint her father, but to be locked out of the house at the eleventh hour and to find the locksmith out into the bargain—this was a crisis for tears.

A young man stepped out of the neighboring cigar shop just in time to see Agatha's handkerchief make a little dab at each of her moist blue eyes.

"Can I be of service to you?" he asked gallantly.

"I'm afraid not, thank you," Agatha replied, checking her momentary display of emotion.

But the young man was so politely solicitous that Agatha, in her distress, explained her dilemma, ending her explanation with, "And the locksmith, you see, has the inconsideration to be out."

"Well, we can overcome that difficulty easily enough," was the young man's cheerful response. "You see, I know the man who keeps the cigar store here very well, and I can get through his shop into the locksmith's. Just wait a minute."

Agatha waited and soon the young man reappeared, dangling a bunch of skeleton keys in his hand.

"These will open most anything, I reckon," he said, smiling at Agatha. "Now, if you'll kindly let me accompany you to where you live, I'll have the door open in a jiffy."

He was as good as his word and Agatha, actually inside of her own home once more, was profuse in her expressions of gratitude.

"I don't know how to thank you, Mr."— She stopped short and then added naively, "I don't know your name either."

"Black," the young man promptly. "Just plain Black."

"It was an awfully white thing for you to do anyway," Agatha replied, her eyes twinkling. "And I am under deep obligations to you, Mr. Black."

"Not at all," answered the alleged Mr. Black, lifting his hat as he left.

The dinner went off with remarkable smoothness, and Agatha had no intention of discounting the compliments she received by letting her father know of her carelessness, but suddenly she put her hand to her belt and exclaimed, "My watch—I've lost it!"

Then she remembered when she had last looked at the time, and in a flash it came over her that her watch had been stolen from her by the solicitous "Mr. Black." She was forced to make a full confession.

"What sort of looking chap was he?" inquired her father.

"Not at all bad looking," answered Agatha almost defiantly; really, rather handsome. You don't suppose I'd let any horrid looking old thing come to my assistance, do you?"

Her father laughed in spite of himself.

"But he was a friend of the man that keeps the cigar store, you say, and had no trouble in getting a bunch of skeleton keys?"

Agatha admitted both points reluctantly.

"Hum, bad lot," commented her father. "Probably had the keys in his pocket all the time. Come on, Bainbridge," he added, addressing his guest, "you and I have got to get busy mighty quick. Suppose we visit that cigar store first."

Agatha, left alone, sat for awhile tapping the toe of her smart little slipper on the floor, evidently puzzling over the details of her afternoon adventure. Then she picked up a book and was endeavoring to make herself follow the thread of the story when the bell rang. She jumped up nervously and ran to answer it, expecting her father and Mr. Bainbridge back again.

When she opened the door, she gave a little scream of fright and fainted. "Mr. Black" caught her in his arms and then, realizing the seriousness of the situation, hurriedly laid her on a couch and ran into the dining room for a glass of water.

As soon as Agatha revived sufficiently she screamed "Thief!" at the top of her voice.

As if in providential answer to her cry, a key clicked in the lock of the outside door, and Agatha, hearing her father's step, ran to meet him, still calling "Thief, thief!" breathlessly.

Her father grabbed the young man by the throat and yelled at him hoarsely. "So it wasn't enough to steal my daughter's watch. You had to come back, while she was alone, you scoundrel, and try to rob my house. Search his pockets, Agatha!"

Agatha hesitated.

"Search his pockets, girl!" Mr. Anderson repeated. This time Agatha obeyed. She had never seen her father in such a towering rage.

"Oh!" she cried suddenly. "Oh, he did steal it! Here it is," and she drew the little jeweled timepiece from one of the man's pockets.

The young man made a frantic effort to speak, and Mr. Anderson released his grip on his throat slightly.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" he demanded harshly.

"I'm not a thief," Mr. Black said huskily. "I wish to explain how I came by the watch. Your daughter must have dropped it this afternoon outside the locksmith's. The man in the cigar store found it on the side walk, and when I went back with the keys he gave it to me and asked me to find out if it belonged to this young lady."

"A pretty story," commented Agatha's father with a sneer. "Agatha, ring up the police. Wait a minute, he added as the doorbell rang. "That's Bainbridge. Run and let him in."

"Uncle!" exclaimed the prisoner as Mr. Bainbridge crossed the library threshold.

"Why, Roger," returned the latter "what does this mean?"

Agatha laughed hysterically. "Then you aren't Mr. Black, after all, and your story is true," she cried.

The young man shook himself as if to get free of the horrible effects of the last few minutes.

"No," he answered, with a feeble attempt at a smile, "I'm my uncle's namesake, Roger Bainbridge 2d, with my compliments."

"And to think," groaned Bainbridge senior, "that I've been out setting the police on the track of my own nephew!"

"That isn't half so bad as choking him," was Mr. Anderson's rueful comment.

Some months after this dramatic little incident Agatha discovered that she had been robbed again. This time she felt sure young Mr. Bainbridge was guilty, but she shrank from facing him with the accusation. She was saved that ordeal, however, by the sudden full confession of the criminal himself.

"Agatha," he announced very seriously one evening after dining with her, "what would you say if I told you I have really been trying to steal something from you?"

Agatha started. "Why," she answered, "I'd rather give you anything of mine than have you steal it."

"Are you sure, Agatha?" asked Roger, looking at her tenderly, yet searchingly. "It's a very precious thing I want."

"If it's my heart," answered Agatha, "you've stolen it without waiting for me to give it to you," and she smiled at him bravely and sweetly through her blushes.

He folded her close to him. "I'm awfully afraid," he said, laughing softly in his great joy, "that your father will choke me in earnest this time."

Agatha laughed, too, for as she said, love can afford to laugh at locksmiths.

A Clever Deserter.

An army officer who was talking of the escape a few days ago of a couple of prisoners from Castle William told several stories of other attempts, frequently unsuccessful, to get away from Governors Island.

"One of the most ingenious that I remember," he said, "took place a few years ago and succeeded beautifully. The man who escaped had been a barber before he entered the army, and his job in Castle William was to shave and cut the hair of the other prisoners. He managed to save enough of the clippings to make a false mustache. Then in some way—it's hard to tell how those things are contrived—he had a suit of plain clothes smuggled in to him. Still he wasn't in any rash hurry to get away, but waited till a really good opportunity occurred. This came to him when a gang of plumbers were in the old fort making repairs. One evening he rigged himself up in his clothes and mustache, and picking up a couple of pieces of lead pipe and a forgotten solder pipe he walked leisurely out with the plumbers when they quit work. Right past the guard he went without being recognized, and, so far as I ever heard, he was not recaptured. I always thought that was a really clever escape—rather a theatrical one too."—New York Times.

Why Pa Was Mad.

Farmer Jones, after eating a hearty dinner, stepped out on his porch to enjoy a smoke, when he noticed in front of the house, which was on the main road, an overturned load of hay, and beside it a small boy, seemingly in great perplexity. The farmer went out and spoke to the boy.

"Well, my boy, I see you have had an accident, but never mind. Turn your horses to the hay and come in and have some dinner."

"I can't," said the boy; "pa'll be mad."

"Oh, no, he won't. Come on."

"Nope, I can't; pa'll be mad."

"Now, look here, sonny. You didn't mean to upset that hay. There's no harm done. Come right along, and after you have had something to eat I'll help you to load up again."

The boy consented, saying as he looked back at the hay, "But I just know pa'll be mad."

After he had eaten and the farmer had started back with him to load up, the latter said, "Now, don't you feel better?"

"Very much, sir, but pa'll be mad, though."

"Why will your pa be mad?"

"Because he's under that load of hay."

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

WHEN NAPOLEON WALKED.

An Incident of the Tragic Retreat From Moscow.

It was on Nov. 25, at about 7 o'clock in the morning, when we saw the head of the column. The first we saw were generals, a few of whom were on horseback, but the majority on foot. The latter painfully dragged themselves along, almost all having their feet frozen and bound up in rags and pieces of sheepskin and dying of hunger. We then saw what was left of the cavalry of the guard. The emperor came next on foot, with a stick in his hand. He was muffled up in a large capote lined with fur and wore on his head an amaranthine velvet cap edged with black foxskin. On his right marched, also on foot, King Murat; on his left, Prince Eugene, viceroy of Italy; then Berthier, prince of Neufchatel; Ney, Mortier, Lefebvre and other marshals and generals whose corps had been partly destroyed.

They were followed by 700 to 800 officers and subalterns, marching in order and bearing in the greatest silence the eagles of the regiments to which they had belonged and that had so often led them to victory. They were the remnant of over 60,000 men. My poor Picart, who had not seen the army for a month, gazed on silently, but his convulsive movements showed only too well what he felt. I saw big tears roll down the cheeks and fall on his mustache, from which icicles were hanging. Then, turning to me, "Really, comrade," I do not know whether I am asleep or awake! I weep because I have seen our emperor marching on foot, a stick in his hand—he that was so great and who has made us so proud!"—Memoires of Sergeant Bourgogne.

FOREIGN MONEY.

A Showman's Experience With Counterfeit Coins in Naples.

"When you are abroad," said a tourist agent, "look out for counterfeit money. In France and Italy especially look out. There are a lot of small souled French and Italians who save up counterfeit money all the year to dump it on the tourist trade in the summer.

"I said to look out, but really that is impossible. An American tourist has his hands full just to count foreign money, with its centimes and lyres, its francs and centesimi, and when too often he is unable to count this money how can he detect counterfeits in it?

"Italy is the worst country, and it is safe to say that every tourist loses in bad money there 1 or 2 per cent of all that passes through his hands.

"When Buffalo Bill showed in Naples the audience was enormous, but the next day when the business manager went to bank the receipts of the night, to his delight, over a thousand dollars in counterfeit money had been taken in.

"Buffalo Bill in person went and complained to the prefect, or chief of police.

"'They passed a thousand dollars on you in counterfeit,' said the prefect.

"'They did,' said Buffalo Bill bitterly.

"'Just like those Italians,' exclaimed the prefect. 'What a grand nation!'"—Exchange.

Thunder in Various Regions.

Java is said to be the region of the globe where it thunders oftenest, having thunderstorms ninety-seven days in the year. After it are Sumatra, with eighty-six days; Hindustan, with fifty-six; Borneo, with fifty-four; the Gold Coast, with fifty-two, and Rio de Janeiro, with fifty-one. In Europe, Italy occupies the first place, with thirty-eight days of thunder, while France and southern Russia have sixteen days, Great Britain and Switzerland have each seven days, and Norway has four. Thunder is rare at Cairo, being heard only three days in the year, and extremely rare in northern Turkestan and the polar regions.

The "Dandy Horse."

The father of the bicycle tribe, the "dandy horse," was invented in 1818 by Baron von Draise of Paris. It consisted of two wheels about thirty inches in diameter running one in the wake of the other and connected by a beam of wood, upon which, half way from each end, was a saddle or perch, an arm rest in front completing the machine. It was propelled by kicking the ground with the right and left foot alternately. It was from such a crude affair that the modern bicycle was slowly evolved.

Taking No Chances.

The court appointed a young lawyer to defend a Georgia darky, but after the prisoner had looked the lawyer over he said:

"No, Mister Judge, I reckon not. De las' time I got in de penitentiary I had a man dat took des lak him to defend me, so dis-leave him out de case en gimme ten years!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Usual Thing.

Mrs. Wickwire—If you go first, you will wait for me on the other shore, won't you, dear? Mr. Wickwire—I suppose so. I never went anywhere yet without having to wait for you.—Illustrated Bits.

Feminine Sympathy.

Miss Fytte—We have heard that my brother in Australia has been nearly drowned. They only just managed to save his life! The Visitor—Dear me, I am sorry to hear that!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

If thou fakest time into thy affairs it will allay and arrange all things.—Apollodorus.

It is a well known fact that persons in the pine forests do not suffer from kidney diseases. One dose of Pineules at night usually relieves backache, 90 days' treatment $1.00. Your money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

What a Little Silver Fish Taught a French Beadmaker.

"I'll tell you," said a jeweler, "how the wonderfully perfect artificial pearl came to be invented.

"A rich French beadmaker, Moise Jaquin—he lived in the seventeenth century—found a pond in his garden covered one morning with a lovely silvery luster. Amazed, he called his gardener, who said it was nothing—some albettes had got crushed; that was all.

"Albettes were little silver fish, bleaks, the Leuciscus alournus. The gardener explained that if you crushed them they always gave the water a pearly sheen like that. Jaquin put on his thinking cap.

"For six years he worked with bleaks and bleaks, wasting millions of both, but finally he achieved success. He learned how to extract the pearly luster from the bleaks' scales and to cover a glass bead with it.

"What he did—and his method is still used—was to scrape the scales from the fish, wash and rub them and save the water. The water, decanted, gave off a lustrous fluid of the thickness of oil—a veritable pearl paint, a mystic fluid that imparts a lovely pearly sheen to everything it is applied to.

"It takes 1,000 bleaks to yield an ounce of this pearl paint."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

CIRCUS RIDERS.

They Earn Good Salaries, but Their Careers Are Short.

A man horseback rider receives from $75 to $125 a week, and his career as a principal rider lasts about ten years. It is short not so much because these men get stiff and lose their agility as because they lose their nerve. Nearly all circus folk marry young, and with their added responsibilities comes a lively sense of danger which they ignored in younger days. A man rider who cannot turn a somersault on a horse can not command more than $50 a week. A woman rider who can perform this feat gets from $150 to $200 a week if she is a finished rider.

This isn't much when all the disadvantages of the calling are taken into consideration, but it should be remembered that all the expenses are paid, including the care, feeding and of course the transportation of their horses. All they have to provide is their own clothing. For the men riders clothes do not constitute much of a factor, and the women nearly always make their own, except those provided by the management.

French Rags High Priced.

A collector of rags offered the manager of a large hospital house a very fair price for a bag of woolen rags.

"There's more rags worth more than that," said the shrewd landlord. "I run several houses in this neighborhood, and all are occupied exclusively by French guests."

The dealer apparently considered that remark sufficiently explanatory. He cast a hasty glance upon the contents of the bag, then raised the price.

"And he could well afford to raise it, too," said the landlord. "Even at that rate he will make money on the things. French rags bring the world over bring a higher price than any other. The reason why? French people wear a better quality of linen and their cast off garments are in demand by all manufacturers of high grade paper."—New York Press.

The Congregation Smiled.

Two country clergymen had agreed to exchange pulpits on a certain date. One of them made the following solemn announcement to his congregation on the Sabbath previous to the event:

"My dear brethren and sisters, I have the pleasure or stating that on next Sunday morning the Rev. Zechariah B. Day will preach for you. Let us now sing two verses of hymn No. 489, 'That Awful Day Will Surely Come.'"

And it took him some time to discover why the congregation smiled.

The First Boat.

At first when a man wanted to cross a deep stream he was compelled to swim across. But man at best is a poor swimmer, and it was not long before he invented a better method of traveling on water. A log drifting in a stream furnished the hint. By resting his body upon the log and plashing with his hands and feet he found he could move along faster and easier. Thus the log was the first boat and the human arm was the first oar.—S. E. Forman in St. Nicholas.

Witty Women.

Women have more wit than humor. They are more sensitive than men. Their minds are nimbler. Their thoughts flash instantly to an intuitive conclusion; hence wit is far more natural to them. They have hardly the intellectual patience to create or enjoy the less obvious and more deliberate moods of humor.—Munsey's Magazine.

A Failure.

"So you don't believe in the mind cure?"

"No."

"Did you ever try it?"

"Well, I once tried to convince my wife that she didn't really want a new gown."—Judge.

Looks That Way.

"I wonder if Mars really is inhabited."

"Don't know, but if Saturn is, I'll bet the politicians own it."

"Think so?"

"Certainly; can't you see the rings?"—Philadelphia Press.

A concealed spark is more to be feared than an open fire.—German Proverb.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

Origin of This Favorite Sport of Childhood and Youth.

This favorite sport of childhood and youth is of French origin and very high antiquity, having been introduced into England in the train of the Norman conquerors. Its French name, "Colin Maillard," was that of a brave warrior, the memory of whose exploits still lives in the chronicles of the middle ages.

In the year 990 Liege reckoned among its valiant chiefs one Jean Colin. He acquired the name of Maillard from his chosen weapon being a mallet, wherewith in fight he used to crush his opponents. In one of the feuds which were of perpetual recurrence in those times he encountered the Count de Louvain in a pitched battle, and, so runs the story, in the first onset Colin Maillard lost both his eyes. He ordered his esquire to take him into the thickest of the fight, and, furiously brandishing his mallet, did such fearful execution that victory soon declared itself for him.

When Robert, of France heard of these feats at arms he lavished favor and honors upon Colin, and so great was the fame of the exploits that it was commemorated in the pantomimic representations that formed part of the rude dramatic performances of the age. By degrees the children learned to act it for themselves, and it took the form of a familiar sport.

The blindfolded pursuer as, with handkerchief-bandaged eyes and extended hands, he gropes for a victim to pounce upon seems in some degree to repeat the action of Colin Maillard, the tradition of which is also traceable in the name, blind man's buff.

A REALISTIC ACT.

Amusing Story of Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle.

While he was playing Rip Van Winkle at Chicago Joseph Jefferson once went to the theater very much exhausted by a long day's fishing on the lake. As the curtain rose on the third act it disclosed the white haired Rip still deep in his twenty years' nap. Five, ten, twenty minutes passed, and he did not awaken. The audience began to get impatient and the prompter uneasy.

The great actor doubtless knew what he was about, but this was carrying the realistic business too far. The fact was that all this time Jefferson was really sleeping the sleep of the just, or, rather, of the fisherman who had sat eight hours in the sun. Finally the gallery became uproarious, and one of the "gods" wanted to know if there was going to be "another twenty years more of this snooze business?"

At this point Jefferson began to snore. This decided the prompter who opened a small trap beneath the stage and began to prod Rip from below. The bored comedian fumbled in his pocket for an imaginary fishing ticket and muttered drowsily, "Going right through, doctor."

At this entirely new reading the audience was transfixed with amazement, when all at once Jefferson sat up with a loud shriek, evidently in agony. The exasperated prompter had jabbed him with a pin. Consciousness of the situation came to him, and the play went on after that with a rush.

Getting an Opening.

A man had a story about a gun which he delivered himself of upon all occasions. At a dinner party one evening he writhed in his chair for over an hour, waiting for a chance to introduce his story, but no opportunity presented itself. Finally he slipped a coin into the hand of a waiter and whispered:

"When you leave the room again, slam the door."

The waiter slammed the door as directed, and the man sprang to his feet, with the exclamation:

"What's that noise—a gun?"

"Oh, no!" resumed his host. "It was only the door."

"Ah, I see! Well, speaking of guns reminds me of a little story," etc.—Liverpool Mercury.

Sun, Moon and Tides.

The sun and moon conjointly affect the oceans in obedience to the fact in nature known as the law of the attraction of gravity. It is the nature of things that the sun and moon shall pull at the earth's waters, and no further explanation can be given. When the sun and moon are pulling in line the tides are highest and when pulling against each other the lowest. The moon is so much nearer the earth than the sun that it does most of the pulling, notwithstanding its greatly inferior dimensions.

Love Is King.

Love is the great disciplinarian, the supreme harmonizer, the true peacemaker. It is the great balm for all that blights happiness or breeds discontent. It is a sovereign panacea for malice, revenge and all the brutal propensities. As cruelty melts before kindness, so the evil passions find their antidote in sweet charity and loving sympathy.—Success Magazine.

Easily Distinguished.

Clara—There should be a law passed compelling men to wear some distinct dress to denote whether they are married or not.

Maude—Oh, that isn't necessary.

Clara—Why not?

Maude—When a man is seen on the street in a last year's hat and baggy trousers, it is safe to bet that he's married.—Chicago News.

No Way Out of It.

"We are worried about Julia. She got out of a sickbed to go to the matinee."

"How could she?"

"She had to go; she had a ticket."

It comes put up in a collapsible tube with a nozzle, easy to apply to the soreness and inflammation, for any form of Piles; it soothes and relieves pain, itching, burning. Man 2nd Pile Remedy. Price 50 cents. Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

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Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. F. Hazlewood, Bradford.
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Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
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Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
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Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
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Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

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Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
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Judge of Election—H. K. Henderson.
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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

G. H. DENNING, N. G.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 242, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. K. HOGARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 342, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

R. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
R. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 187, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

R. of H. & P.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Green Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.

ELIZABETH RUDDER, Com.
BELLE CAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

Miss. E. A. BARRETT, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 44, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORE HOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption Degree, 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 7 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—T. D. Ward, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.; Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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With Tessa As Proxy.

By JEROME SPRAGUE.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

"Tessa," said Miss Mason, with decision, "you are not making that bed properly."

Tessa, tucking in the sheet of the doll's bed, raised limpid, inquiring eyes.

"I told you I wanted hospital corners."

Tessa wavered, curled a small red lip and overplowed.

"Don't cry—oh, Tessa, don't cry!" Miss Mason expostulated as the small pink aproned atom flung herself at full length on the floor.

Tessa did not move.

"Well, I shall have to let Mary Brannigan do it," said Miss Mason.

Mary Brannigan and Tessa, Untold being sworn rivals in the affections of the settlement teacher, the small Italian raised a calculating eye. Mary, every red curl sobbing, every freckle radiant, already had hold of one corner of the fallen toilet sheet.

Then Mary pulled and Tessa pulled.

"Perhaps you'd better let Tessa finish it, Mary," said the teacher weakly.

Mary flinged wrathfully. "Aw, she don't know how!"

"Oh well," Miss Mason sighed, "see if you can make it, Mary. Tessa can watch you and tell you if you don't do it properly."

Tessa, sobbing a soft accompaniment to Mary's bedmaking, squealed suddenly.

"She's gotta the bed out a side."

"Oh, Mary," said Miss Mason reproachfully, "I thought you could do it."

"Ah, I can," said Mary, "but I won't," and straightway, like a small fury, she tore the bed to pieces and flung the mattress on the floor.

The twenty small girls of the little housekeepers' class looked at the teacher with expectant eyes.

"Oh, Mary," quavered Miss Mason. She felt the need to discipline. It was very hot, and the room was close, and the children had been restless and fussy all the morning.

"Oh, Mary," she quavered again as a young man in a panama hat and round clerical collar raised his head in at the window.

"Can't you and the little girls come over and have lunch with my boys in the parish office?" he asked.

A sigh of blissful anticipation issued from twenty throats.

"They have been so naughty!" Miss Mason hesitated. "I don't know whether I should let them."

Twenty pairs of eyes reproached her, and the young rector said, "No one ought to be naughty on such a day."

"Well, if you will promise to be very good," Miss Mason finally decided. And, like lion and lamb, Tessa and Mary led a decorous procession.

The young rector's class in woodcarving were buying sandwiches and cake and lemonade, provided by the ladies of the parish. There was a big pitcher of lemonade, and the tea tinkled deliciously as the biggest boy filled twenty glasses for the twenty little girls.

The young rector, beaming with enthusiasm, sat down beside the little settlement teacher. "It's lovely work, Miss Mason," he said.

Marion shook her head. "Oh, no, it isn't," she said; "it's horrid. They are so ungrateful. I wish I was out on a hotel porch in my best linen frock, with my hair marcelled and with the waves beating a soothing accompaniment to the conversation of some intelligent masculine."

With a twinkle in his eye, the young rector asked, "Can't I masquerade as an intelligent masculine?"

"Oh," Miss Mason conceded, "you might. But I'm not dressed for the part. Shirt waists and serge skirts and tan shoes, and dusty ones at that"—she poked out a small foot in a shabby shoe—"are not the attire of attractiveness. We planted vegetables in the school garden all the morning—beans and things—until we were grubby."

"I don't believe you would be really happy on that hotel porch," asserted the young rector as he sat on the edge of his desk and looked down at her.

"I should! I want to be care free and frivolous—and to forget the problems of the suffering and the submerged people. I want to go where every one is clean and the air is pure and where I can breathe." As she caught her breath sharply, he bent over her with a sudden tender light in his eyes.

"Poor little woman!" he murmured.

"Don't pity me," Miss Mason said, with flaming cheeks, "but I do like pretty things. Why, I am a different creature in my pink dimity. You've never seen me in it, have you?"

He smiled down at her indulgently. "No," he said slowly, "but I saw you once in an old white linen that had been torn and trampled, and you held in your arms a little child that you had saved—and you were beautiful"—

"Oh, that was Tessa," Miss Mason said quickly, "the morning the fire engine horses ran away. It was a wonder we weren't both killed."

"I saw you for the first time, and I knew then that I had found what I had been looking for all my life."

Her startled eyes read the meaning in his. "Oh, no, no," she protested, "I am not good enough. I am vain and frivolous—and I long for the flesh pots."

He went on steadily. "I have seen you since then every day teaching your little girls to be tidy and sweet and good, and I have wondered at your bravery—when you might be in luxury, cool and comfortable."

"So might you," she reminded him. "How many men of your talent and influence would have chosen a downtown church?"

"Oh, that," he put it away lightly. "I like it, and I am a man—but not many women would do it."

"Don't," she said tremulously; "don't praise me." And she rose and went to meet Tessa, who was coming toward her, sobbing.

"Oh, Tessa! Crying again?"

It was discovered after some questioning that Tessa's conscience was hurting her. She was sorry, she whispered, that she had been bad.

"Poor baby!" Miss Mason crooned as she gathered the small culprit in her arms. "Dear heart!" And the wet cheek lay against her own.

As they sat in the alcove the stained glass window of the parish office made a background of sapphire light, against which Miss Mason's fair hair shone like a halo. Tessa, smiling and forgiven, lay with her limpid eyes shut.

The rector, still seated on the corner of his desk, looked at the pair, with thoughtful eyes.

"Do you really think you would be happy on the hotel porch?" he probed.

"It would be cool," Miss Mason said wistfully. "But I should miss the love," and her eyes went toward the children playing peacefully at the end of the room.

"Whose love?" he asked boldly.

Tessa's eyes opened. "Oh, my love, too," she murmured fervently.

The eyes of the rector held the eyes of the little teacher masterfully.

"You say it like that," he commanded.

"Oh, I—I can't," she breathed, all pink and white and trembling. "But Tessa shall be my proxy."

"I LOVE-A YOU," SHE HUMMERED PERSISTENTLY.

About Strawberries.

Many persons have wondered how strawberries got their name. They have been so called by Anglo-Saxon people for hundreds of years, but in corresponding terms from them in other languages. On the contrary, their fragrance mainly is set forth in the names by which they are called in non-English speaking lands. The old Anglo-Saxon form was "streawberige." It seems probable that the "straw" is the long stem of the vine, which runs along the ground. Some have thought, however, that in ancient times the Anglo-Saxon berry hunters brought the berries home or sent them to market upon straws. The explanation that the word is a corruption of "strayberry," due to the running habit of strawberry vines, is believed to be erroneous as well as that which would derive the name from the habit of placing straw among the plants to keep the berries off the ground.

Coronets or dukes are adorned with strawberry leaves, though authorities on heraldry insist that they are not strawberry leaves at all, but merely conventional leaves which popular fancy has turned into the foliage of the favorite berry. However, strawberry leaves are actually borne by the house of Fraser of Lovat as a punning allusion to the family name, since "fraises" is French for strawberries.

"Joking."

When Richard le Gallienne first visited this country he was introduced at one of the clubs to a gentleman who delights in elaborate funmaking and does it all with an intensely sober face. After the first formalities were over the humorist asked the poet abruptly:

"Well, Mr. le Gallienne, how is the poetry business?"

Mr. le Gallienne surveyed the face of his questioner and, seeing nothing in the countenance to enlighten him, replied, with dignified seriousness;

"I should hardly speak of poetry as a business."

"Why not?" said his interlocutor. "The grocer sells groceries, the merchant dry goods and you sell rhymed stuff. The market rates you obtain vary with conditions and the quality of the article offered for sale. The grocer is complimented when inquiry is made as to the conditions of the grocery trade. Why not the poet when asked about his business—his sonnets, lyrics, ballads and other forms, which are often sold at a ruinous sacrifice?"

Mr. le Gallienne stared, still perplexed at this harangue, when the half suppressed laugh of the listeners cleared the air and the humorist himself smiled. The poet woke up and said, with an air of great relief:

"Oh, I see; you are joking!"—Judge.

BELIEVE IN DREAMS?

If Yes, What Would You Do in a Case Similar to This?

If you should dream that a man with whom you were acquainted killed his wife, if you vividly saw him plunge a dagger into her heart in your vision, would you tell the wife of your premonition of a tragedy?

This question has been puzzling a number of people in London. A married couple were inspecting a house which was for rent in Surrey some time ago. While the husband inspected the stables the wife remained in the parlor.

Shortly after her husband left the room, the wife said, a man and woman entered. The woman was young and pretty and in tears. The man was angry. After gesticulating a few minutes he rushed to the girl, drew a knife from his coat and plunged it through her heart.

With a loud shriek the woman who witnessed the tragedy arose and staggered to the door. She looked about her and saw that the couple had vanished. She realized she had either been dreaming or had seen a vision. When her husband returned she told him her experience. They did not rent the house.

Some time afterward while attending a reception the woman was introduced to a young lady and her fiance. She recognized the characters of her vision. Later the young couple to whom she had been introduced were married. To her dismay, the woman learned they had leased the very house where she had experienced the harrowing dream.

What was she to do? She asked her friends. They were at a loss to give her advice. The woman was convinced that she was given the premonition of a tragedy. At the same time she dreaded provoking a disagreement in case there should be nothing but a hallucination.

What would you do in such a case? This would depend, of course, as to whether or not you believe in dreams. Do you?

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

As a matter of fact there are no very big fish in small puddles.

You can usually find a pin almost anywhere but in the pincushion.

A fool is the greatest nuisance in this world. And there are quite a few of them.

It is beyond some men to understand the difference between pomposity and dignity.

We have always wondered what would be the fate of the 2 cents saved in purchasing a two dollar nettle for $1.98.

Have you ever stopped to admire the self control of the man who can pick up a bad penny without marking or something?

Every man would harvest pretty fair reputation if he put the highest on his good qualities as carefully as they look for the good qualities of a dog they obtain.

Absentminded Gators.

An old colored man who is devoutly religious returned to Brooklyn recently from a trip to Florida, his birthplace, and told his employer about a large alligator he had had them in all winter. Knowing of the religious zeal of the darky, the employer sought to test his veracity.

"What, you're afraid of an alligator for?" he asked him. "Don't you know that the Lord will take care of you?" Of course you know the story of Jonah and the whale. The whale swallowed Jonah, but Jonah came out all safe enough."

The darky shook his head dubiously. "Yes, boss, I knows about Jonah," he said, "but, then, you see, a whale's got a throat. A alligator ain't got no throat. If a gator swallows you he won't think to do nothing about you."—New York Press.

Simplicity's Saving Grace.

"I like simplicity," said the statesman. "Simplicity saves us a lot of trouble too.

"Two men met in front of the Blank hotel the other day and fell into a political argument. They were ordinary, everyday sort of men, but one of them had an extraordinary flow of polysyllable language. He talked half an hour, and his companion listened in a daze.

"And now," the speaker pompously concluded, 'perhaps you will coincide with me.'

"The other's face brightened up.

"'Why, yes. Thanks, old man,' he answered heartily, moving toward the barroom door, 'I don't care if I do.'"

Queer Smokes.

"Tobacco," said a tobacconist, "is one of many herbs that are smoked. In the orient, for instance, bhang or cannabis, a drug that gives one the desire to caress people's feet, goes into loads of pipes. Some savages smoke the leaves of the wild potato and the wild tomato. These bitter leaves are narcotic. They throw you into a pleasant stupor. Too much indulged in, though, they bring insanity. Some of the Swiss guides smoke mountain tobacco, a weed that grows only at great heights. This stuff produces an intoxication akin to alcohol's. Our Indians, when hard up, smoke holly and sumac leaves and the silvery leaves of Indian tobacco, which every boy has chewed."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An Author's Journal.

Sold one poem.—(Molly has just come in to say the cow's out.)

The Monthly Review paid me $3 for two sonnets. (Jane says the rag bill is $6.)

Have just written an article on "How To Live on One Dollar a Day." (Molly says she has got to have $2 every day this week.)—Atlanta Constitution.

It is claimed indigestion is the National disease. That's why the demand for Rings Dyspepsia Tablets keeps increasing because they do the work. Stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, bloating, etc., yield quickly. Two days' treatment free. Ask your druggist about them. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Thermopylae

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

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"I come here to play I am a dryad," Elspeth said, smiling wickedly at Hindon as he toiled after her up the steep and narrow steps that led to a railed platform, weather beaten, but still sound and weight worthy, set in the lower branches of a giant oak. Hindon thought the climbing a crazy performance, but love which makes the fool often a wise man makes the wise man often a fool. And he did not deny to himself he was in love and with the bit of quicksilver he was so painfully following.

"H-m! I seem to remember that dryads were not always all they should be," he said, sitting down so ponderously the branches quivered. Elspeth laughed softly. "You are to have a reward for coming up with me. I adore stories. You may tell me one instead of knitting it the very best story of them all."

"Impossible!" Hindon said gravely. "Don't you know there are but seven stories in the world, and six of them unfit for ladies? That leaves only one. I had much rather live it than tell it."

"No! You must tell it," Elspeth said decisively. "Begin! This is much better fun than private theatricals"—

"I tell you I can't begin. The story has to begin itself," Hindon interrupted. Again Elspeth laughed. "At least you can say how it begins," she murmured. Hindon smothered a growl. "I can tell you what it takes to make a story," he said. "First, of course, there's a girl"—

"That's one," Elspeth interjected. Hindon nodded. "And a man in love with her"—

"That fits you," Elspeth said incorrigibly. Hindon flushed in spite of himself and bit his lip, but somehow kept his voice gay as he ran on. "And an obstacle—any sort, some sort. The obstacle, you know, is what really nudges the story."

"Dear me! What a pity!" Elspeth said. "Yet I quite understand. But for the obstacle the sweethearts would have to marry right at the start and live happy ever after. I think—yes, I'm sure—the obstacle is looming up. See! Jack Delany is getting down at the steps."

"A plague on him, and all Delany's everywhere," Hindon began. Elspeth shook her head at him, saying: "How ungrateful. You said there had to be an obstacle. Could you ask a more proper one than Jack?"

"No! That's just the trouble," Hindon admitted. "You might easily fall in love with Jack if I were not in his way."

"I believe he has kept you for the obstacle role," Elspeth said demurely, with dancing eyes. "But don't play fair and be the hero," she went on. "I asked you for a story, and here I'm making up one for you."

"You've reduced it to its lowest terms anyway. I don't like it," Hindon broke in, his chin in the air, the light of battle in his eyes. He saw Jack Delany sauntering toward the path, his hat in one hand, the other swinging his fancy mahogany crop. Jack was a youth of parts—rich, well bred and disgustingly good to look at. Moreover, he was new. Until a month back Elspeth had never seen him. Hindon had discovered the real Elspeth at about the same distance of time—when he had come down to World's End for shelter and a measure of solitude. After years of struggle his latest book had hit the public hard. He waited his successor to go above and beyond it. Then just when the mingling of it was fairly in mind, he had dined at the dear house and fallen under Elspeth's spell.

There had been a week of rebellion, then submission to the inevitable. He had had a conceit of knowing women-kind, also the—very—to love, in all its moods and tenses. Elspeth had shown him how greatly he was mistaken. Hindon had a way with him that most women had found irresistible. After a surfeit of sweets one relishes a wholesome bitter. Elspeth's artless joy over his subjugation had not misled him into thinking she was to be had for the asking. He had two minds about her—one curiously aloof, wholly detached, ever noting the effect of unlikely conquest upon a nature girlishly vain and human and marshaling its impressions as for future reference; another, palpitantly masculine and possessive, alert to win and keep her against all comers.

Now the virile impulse dominated him. As Jack came within hail Hindon swung himself to the head of the steps, clutched a hand upon the rails at either side and half shouted: "Jack, I'm a life saver. You can't come up!"

"Can't—eh! Why not?" Jack demanded, moving forward.

"Oh, because you're quite too good looking and much too vain—so ruin this cranky structure would never bear the weight of it," Hindon flung back at him, settling himself more firmly in his seat.

Jack laughed heartily. "I'm coming! Look out!" he admonished, making a dash for the stair foot. As he touched it Hindon looked down, with twinkling eyes, to say: "Remember Thermopylae! Behold me, a new Leonidas, holding the pass!"

"Using Thermopylae—and all those other sissy games," Jack said, with frank scorn. "I tell you, there's no scoring a fellow that's been through straight football!"

"So I perceive," Hindon said, his twinkle broadening. He turned half about to glance at Elspeth. She was sitting very straight, her hand clinched hard on the hook in her lap, the ghost of a dimple flickering in one cheek. The estate in life wherein just now she found herself was clearly not displeasing to her. Cautiously she peeped over the edge of the platform and said to Jack, halting below it: "I wish you would come up, Mr. Delany. We—we are making up a story. Mr. Hindon is going to write it, and you can't imagine how fascinating it is."

"If I can't imagine it, I can find out," Jack said energetically, stepping back five paces to survey the big oak's spread of branches. The branches were broad, and some of them pendulous. Upon the farther side one swaying tip came within six feet of the ground. With a short, running leap Jack caught the tip, felt it slip almost away from him, but managed to keep hold, drew it down and clutch it hand over hand until he came to a place that was stout enough to swing upon. Back and forth, back and forth, he clung and swung, until at last he caught foothold in toward the trunk. Inside three minutes he was sitting upon a branch level with the platform, and but a little way from it, saying as he lighted a cigarette: "Is this a detective story? You can put me in it as a porch climber or something."

"You're in it already," Elspeth said, smiling with soft malice. Hindon sat blocking the way down, divided between laughing and glowering. "Yes—you're in it, all right enough," he said, nodding toward Delany. "Trouble is to work up a climax that shall leave you out of it altogether."

"I won't be left out of the story—for anything," Jack cried, laughing gayly, rising and balancing himself as he spoke. It was a perilous undertaking there on the swaying bough, but he accomplished it, stood steadstill with folded arms for a dramatic space, then leaped lightly to the platform, landing fairly in the middle of it. It was almost twenty feet in air, well stayed between two giant boughs. But the tree in its youth had been topped, so down where the boughs parted, unseen, uninspected, there was a blotch, rotten and cankerous, weakening fatally the sound outer wood. Therefore under the impact of Delany's leap the bough broke loose at the trunk and crashed down, carrying with it the rotted floor and those resting upon it.

As by a miracle Elspeth was flung far out amid the foliage, well loaded branchlets and got up with no worse hurt than the shock. Hindon, white and breathless, also scrambled to his feet, but with an arm dangling limply beside him. Delany, lay motionless, senseless. He had struck his head in falling, striking on a ugly stub.

Elspeth dropped down beside him and laid her cheek against his, crying softly: "Jack, Jack! You won't go and leave me, Jack! This is Elspeth! Elspeth! You love me! You will live for me! Darling, open your eyes! God can't be so cruel as to take you just as I know how much I love you!"

There was a flutter of the heavy eyelids. Hindon, white and remorseful, loosened Elspeth's shoulder. "He is stunned," he said. "But, of course, you will never forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive," Elspeth said, looking up at him with wet eyes. "Indeed, I owe you much. It was all in fun, and but for it I might not have found out in time about the obstacles."

How Whales Are Killed.

The fighter attacking the cetacean observer is the vessel's harpooner. Separated forward of everything, from which the formidable harpoon is fired into the whale. The gun looks like a small cannon, and about a pound of powder is used to discharge the harpoon, which is rammed home in the same manner as a shot would be and tied from the outside end with a small cord, this breaking, of course, when the gun is fired. The harpoon is a very heavy missile, weighing several hundred pounds, which necessitates its being fired only at pretty close range. The lance head pierces the whale and soon afterward explodes a bomb contained in it, while still farther back on the shaft are barbs, which expand on entering the whale, making it next to impossible for the harpoon to be drawn out again. Each harpoon after being fired has to be straightened by a blacksmith in order to again fit the gun barrel. A stout hemp rope four inches in circumference is attached to the harpoon about eighteen inches from the point. This line is of great flexibility and strength and is manufactured solely for whaling in Norway. A few fathoms of this line are coiled on a plate directly under the gun, the remainder being below decks clear to run. There are two of these lines, each 1,800 feet in length, and sometimes they are none too long for the purpose.—Metropolitan Magazine.

Shakespeare In Disguise.

In these days, when it is the fashion to aver that Shakespeare spells ruin for the manager, it is difficult to believe that in London during the first quarter of the last century his plays were performed under disguised names, so eager were the people to see them.

It was a royal ruling that they should be given only in the so called "patent theaters"—Covent Garden and Drury Lane—and to evade this law "Othello" became "Is He Jealous?" "Macbeth" masqueraded as "Murder Will Out," "The Merchant of Venice" figured on the bills as "Diamond Cut Diamond," "Romeo and Juliet" proclaimed itself as "How to Die For Love," while "Hamlet" hid behind the far cry title "Methinks I See My Father."—Scrap Book.

Easing the Strain.

"I should think," she said, "that golfing would make you awfully tired." "No, I stand it first rate. You see, I never keep my score at all."—Chicago Record-Herald

Don't worry about your kidneys when you can obtain 30 days' treatment of Pineules for $1.00. These little globules bring relief in the first dose. Backache, Lumbago and Rheumatism yield quickly. If not satisfied your money refunded. This is a fair offer you can't lose. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

MUSICAL SOUNDS.

Thinking Them as One Does Letters and Words Is Not Difficult.

To acquire the habit of thinking musical sounds, as one does letters and words, is not a difficult task. In fact, to one who undertakes it seriously there is no difficulty greater than that of learning to read literature. The usual method of tuition, which teaches the pupil to regard this, that or the other note as identical with certain positions on his instruments is not one best calculated to make him an efficient and intelligent reader. He never attains to independence in musical thought, but must ever refer to his instrument before he can form a fairly accurate conception of the musical story that lies silent on the page before him.

As a child may learn to read the alphabet, to form letters into words and thence into sentences and so on, just so may the music student learn to combine and use the notes before him.

Strange as it may appear, the study of reading music may be carried on mentally. For instance, while I think of a melody my mind traces its flow and all the paraphernalia of the staff and notation appear as the melody passes away into time. I realize the clef, time, and key signatures, bar lines, rhythmic divisions, and in a moment I transfer the thought to paper. People in general are accustomed to the transference of their ordinary thoughts to pipers and by constant practice the labor of transmittal from brain to paper is minimized so greatly as to appear almost automatic in performance. Whatever of laborious effort appear in the process of writing music is the result or want of practice and not that this form of writing is really or intrinsically more difficult than writing in words, or demands any greater mental or manual effort. The mind is here master and directs the operations of the hand; and both gain facility from the practice which comes of thinking music.—Musician.

YOUR GOLD COINS.

See If Any of Them Is Stamped With the Letter L.

"I got hold of a gold coin a short time ago, and it was marked with a letter L, which I supposed had been stamped upon it by some one who wished to keep watch as to whether he ever had it in possession again. I passed it along, to my landlord, I think, and thought nothing more about it for several months. Then I found out that I had been passing 'light' coin."

"How is that?" was the question of a listener.

"All coins, whether gold or silver, upon which a letter L is stamped are light weight. When you get one of these stamped coins, the only thing to do is to take it to some assayer, who will weigh it and pay the amount it is per cent less than the face value of the coin for it. He will then have it in a crucible to be melted into gold bullion.

"The government itself installed those coins and in so doing sent the filthy currency right back into circulation, where some innocent party will become victimized by them.

"When the light coins are tendered for duties on imports they are weighed at the custom house, quickly stamped L, 'for light,' and returned to the importer. If the latter cannot pass the coin out, he must take it to the retort to be melted.

"The light coins may be rendered light in the ordinary course of abrasion in circulation or they may have been sweated by parties who sell the gold dust thus bruised off the coin. The common mode of sweating is to place a number of gold coins in a sack and shake them up for a long time, when the gold dust will gather at the bottom of the sack."—Utica Observer.

Mules and Gray Horses.

"I wonder if that truck driver knows of any good reason for hitching that mule with the gray horse?" remarked a Georgian as he saw such a team halted at Chambers street and Broadway. "Let's ask him."

The driver only knew that the team was always driven together by order of the stable boss.

"Well," went on the southerner, "since I was a child I've always seemed to know that mules will follow a gray horse or hitch with him, where they won't have any truck with a horse of any other color. I've seen the most unruly mules behave properly when in the company of a gray, but I've never heard a good reason given for the fact."—New York Sun.

How She Viewed It.

Perhaps she was jealous, perhaps she wasn't. Anyway, she had just heard of the engagement, and, she could not help noticing the engaged girl's pride in her captured youth.

"Really," she said, and her lips curled scornfully, "there's no accounting for tastes, is there? Some people think they have won the game when they get the booby prize."

A Perilous Prospect.

Coldeck—I hadn't the heart to write a note. Break it gently to my wife, won't you? (Discreet Neighbor—I don't feel that way about it, my boy. You're coming out of this affair safe and sound, Coldeck. But it's more serious than you think. I have reliable information that Wildshot will fire in the air.—Puck.

Position With a Pull.

Visitor—I understand that our friend Stuckup has got a position with a pull to it at last? Resident—That's right. By means of a rope he helps to yank cattle to slaughter in an abattoir.—Morristown Times.

Promising is not giving, but serves to content fools.—Portuguese Proverb.

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Clermont Items.

Max Weddell is home from Ridgway on a short vacation.

Miss Lydia Grandon spent Sunday with friends in Smethport.

Little Yeris Banning is visiting her cousin Celia Higgins.

Mrs. Holder of Smethport called on friends in town last week.

Mr. Oscar Lefiquest visited his daughter, Mrs. John Anderson in Mina a few days last week.

Miss Margret Keating returned Saturday, from a visit with friends in Belfast N. Y.

Mrs. Curt Withegow has returned to her home in Smethport after spending several days with friends of this place.

Miss Ellen Anderson, is visiting her sister, Nellie Anderson, in Buffalo N.Y.

France Erickson spent a few days, the guest of his sister, Mrs. Gerhart Anderson, the past week.

Mrs. Lena Martin and sister, Mrs. McKeon, visited their brother, Will Hafner near Brockwayville—Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Albert Peterson and little daughters, Beatrice and Bernice, of Jamestown, N. Y., are the guests of Mrs. Erlandson.

John Creaton, engineer on the P. S. & N., son of Cornelius Creaton, of this place, who has been seriously ill at St. Marys with typhoid fever, is somewhat improved at this writing.

Little Robert Smith who has been on the sick list for several days is convalescing.

Mrs. J. F. Keating arrived home Friday evening, from Covington, accompanied by her son Hugh, who spent the summer there with friends.

Relief agent McGlenn of the P. R. R. has arrived in town to relieve Local Agent Bartz who is taking a well merited two weeks' vacation.

Miss Ella Weddell was brought here from Ridgway and is now at her home ill with typhoid fever.

Henry Cayport who had his ankle badly injured while at work in the woods several days ago is able to be on the streets again with the aid of crutches.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Dumjohn and little daughter, Maude, of Smethport, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Dumjohn over Sunday.

Mrs. J. Shuller and son Burg have returned home after an extended visit with relatives in and about Buffalo.

J. W. Steinhauer has taken charge of the city water works during the illness of T. M. Terry.

I. O. O. F. Lodge, No. 499, entertained their Brothers from surrounding towns, Saturday night, a sumptuous supper was served in the Opera House and in the wee small hours the Brothers departed, expressing a desire to come again.

Monday might have been termed "Teachers Day" in our town, by the number of teachers arriving on every train, Misses Hutchison, Hennigan, McCarty, McFaddin and Galligar. The last three being a new addition to Sergeant Dist. corps of teachers. With the aid of the truent officer, Jacob Aiuend, everything promises to be a successful year.

Mrs. Dan Farr and daughter Julia, Mrs. Elmer Pennsall and daughter Mildred, Mrs. David Fish and son Roy enjoyed an automobile trip to Rock City Monday.

A Queer Argument.

It is often urged that eloquence and affectation are inalienable, but I maintain that the peculiar pronunciation of certain words—if that constitutes affectation—is a pardonable fault, of which many eminent orators are themselves guilty. In vast cathedrals and large halls, where the acoustic properties are of an unusual order it is clearly manifest that some pronunciations are preferable to others, for some words by the very composition of their syllables are not so far reaching in their sound as others, so that if a ruse is adopted to gain the desired effect surely it is detrimental to no one.—London Academy.

Putting In the Sting.

Clara—I understand that Mr. Featherley paid me a very pretty compliment today? Ethel—Yes. What was it? Clara—He said that among the most beautiful young ladies at the party was Miss Clara Smith. Ethel (with a cough)—Yes, I noticed you among them.—London Mail.

Attracting Attention.

"When ordering champagne some people are not satisfied with the pop of the cork."

"No?"

"No; they think the waiter ought to also fire a pistol."—Washington Herald.

The Art of Talking Back.

"I hardly know how to answer you," said she when the widower proposed.

"I would not let that worry me," said he soothingly. "That is something a woman learns perfectly soon after marriage."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Support.

Teacher—Who was it supported the world upon his shoulders? Tommy—Atlas, sir. Teacher—Who supported Atlas? Tommy—The book don't say, but I 'spect his wife did.

Excursion to Stony Brook Glen.

The P. S. & N. R. R. will run a special excursion from St. Marys, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points to Stony Brook Glen on Sunday, Sept. 15th. Train leaves Smethport 10:11 a. m. Fare for the round trip $1.00. Children half fare. For further particulars inquire of Ticket Agents.

Ice cream and cake 10 cents on Saturday night at Brasted's.

Young's store is still headquarters for bargains.

Subscribe for the MINER.

SECRET CHECK SIGNS.

Ways by Which Millionaires Protect Their Signatures.

FOILS AGAINST FORGERIES.

In the Absence of the Hidden Mark a Bank Will Refuse to Pay—An Instance Which Shows How the Secret Sign May Serve Other Purposes.

If all reports be true, then the life of the millionaire, like that of the poor man, is most certainly not a happy one.

There is little doubt that a certain class of criminals regard millionaires as legitimate prey, and the millionaires, knowing this, are compelled to contrive schemes to thwart their criminal designs.

The modern method of doing business by check has to a large extent provided the forger with opportunities for the exhibition of his workmanship. Therefore many of the millionaire's schemes for his protection relate to his signature on checks, and these schemes, which usually consist of several marks entirely apart from the signature, indicate to the bank the genuineness of the checks and are mostly of a simple character.

Far and away the most clever idea for protecting a check signature is the one utilized by an American millionaire whose name is as well known in Great Britain as in the States.

His idea is an extremely simple one. It is this: On the back of each check that he signs he makes a tiny blot, which looks so innocent and natural. But should the blot be missing then the bank will decline to honor the check. This little blot saved the millionaire $50,000 on one occasion alone.

Early one morning he was kidnaped. His captors threatened violence unless they received £10,000 immediately. The millionaire thought. Then, after hesitation for a few minutes, he ordered to write out a check for the money then and there, on the understanding that immediately the check was cashed he was to be released.

The terms were accepted, and the millionaire wrote out the check, but he left out the blot. He certainly had great confidence in his plan, for it was impossible to tell what might happen when the check was presented and payment of it refused.

However, the kidnapers went off to the bank and presented the check. Of course the cashier looked for the blot, and when he saw that it was missing he suspected that something was wrong. Payment of the check was refused on the ground that it was incomplete, and the men went away, followed by officials of the bank, who were fortunately able to rescue the millionaire from the desperadoes' hands.

Another man of great wealth disposes of the signature difficulty in a different way altogether. He protects himself by never giving an uncrossed check, and this fact has duly been notified to the bank.

Each day his bank pass book is examined by his private secretary, and if there is an entry in the book which has no business there then the matter can be looked into at once. Of course if the bankers pass a forged check, then, generally speaking, they must bear the loss themselves.

This system has many disadvantages. It means that the man must never allow his check book out of his possession and, must place unreserved confidence in his secretary and his staff.

The private secretary supplies his employer with any cash required, receiving in exchange a duly crossed check for the amount. It is the private secretary, therefore, who has to protect his signature from forgery, and this he does in a very ingenious way. He has had a copy of his signature cut out of cork. This he uses as he would an india rubber stamp, and he claims that it is as impossible to imitate the markings of the cork as it is impossible to duplicate the impression of the human thumb.

At any rate, the novelty of the idea has sufficed to scare off would be forgers, for it is stated that no one has ever attempted to copy the cork signature.

Placing a small grease spot on the check is another protective idea, though the spot has in this case to be precisely in a prearranged position. In a further case the check is never torn out of the check book quite straight. There is always a little piece torn off down part of one side, seemingly in quite an accidental manner.

But still all these devices may fail at times, and in every case the experience and cuteness of the bank officials afford additional protection. Indeed, this experience is perhaps the greatest safeguard of all.—Pearson's Weekly.

Electric Railway Inventor.

The electric railway had many inventors—persons who by various improvements brought the system to its present usefulness. Thomas Davenport, a blacksmith, of Brandon, Vt., is credited with having first suggested the electric railway, although an Italian priest, Abbe Salvatore Del Negro, professor of natural philosophy at the University of Padua, is reputed to have designed an electric toy traction machine of the reciprocating type in 1830. Davenport ran a toy motor mounted on wheels on a small circular railway in 1834, exhibiting this a year later at Springfield and Boston. About half a century passed, however, before the electric railway was made practical for present uses.—Argonaut.

Grangers at Centre Hall, Pa.

For the Patrons of Husbandry Exhibition at Centre Hall, Pa., September 14-20, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special excursion tickets to Centre Hall from stations in Pennsylvania, and from Baltimore and Elmira at reduced rates (Minimum rate 25 cents). Tickets will be sold September 18 to 20; good to return until September 23, inclusive.

A BOY PIONEER.

Joseph Watt's Fateful Journey to Oregon, in 1844.

In 1844, when emigrants from the middle states were going to make homes in Oregon, many young boys joined the pioneers and made the hard journey over the plains and mountains. One of these lads, Joseph Watt of Missouri, is described by the author of "McDonald of Oregon." He was about seventeen years of age and was employed to drive cattle. He walked most of the way to his new home.

"I have borrowed $2.50, Joe, to fit you out," his father had said at parting, and with that the young man had bought a pair of boots and invested the rest in pins and fishhooks to trade with the Indians. But new boots! He slung them over his side and put on moccasins.

At a certain point in the journey, away back on Burnt river, the man for whom Joe was driving said: "You had better leave us and hurry on into Oregon. Provisions are getting scarce. We shall need all there is for the children."

"All right. I can take care of myself." Without a morsel of food Joe Watt and Elisha Bowman struck out with their rifles and dog's legs.

"If we could only eat the boots," sighed Joe. Late in the days from continually cutting off his trousers to mend his moccasins, he strode through the interesting sagebrush.

"How are you going to get down?" inquired the boatman "when every other singer passenger had piled on the Hudson Bay bateau sent up by Dr. McLoughlin. Alone on the shore stood Joe Watt. "How are you going to get down?"

"I don't know."

"Have you any provisions?"

"No, nothing."

"Can you sing or tell yarns?"

"Yes, both."

"Very well; climb on to the bow of that boat." So they started.

"Well, figurehead, pipe up!" was the present demand.

With sad and solemn eyes, without a smile—Joe sang and told stories. Everybody laughed. The weary emigrants needed entertainment, and Joe was a born comedian.

The doctor was building a house mill at the falls and with some misgivings Joe was engaged as a carpenter. At night he slept in the shavings. The first pay day he was rich. With $12 in hand, clothes, soap, Hudson Bay blankets were his.

Never blankets felt so soft. Passing his hand thoughtfully over the wool, within sound of the powerful falls, a great idea came into the heart of Joseph Watt. "I will build woolen mills on this Pacific coast." Years later the boy fulfilled this resolve.—Youth's Companion.

The Hawaiian Alphabet.

There are but twelve letters in the Hawaiian alphabet. These, with their pronunciations, are: A (ah), e (a), i (e), o (o), u (oo), h (hay), k (kay), l (lay), m (maw), n (naw), p (pay) and w (way). The missionaries added a thirteenth, t, but the natives won't have it and continue to pronounce, for instance, the name of the root from which poi is made "kara," although the missionaries have it "tara." Every vowel in a word is distinctly sounded except that the vowels ai are sounded "i," as in English. Waikiki, the beach in Honolulu, is properly pronounced "Vikeekee." There is a great difference in the speech of the high and low caste natives. The first call their island group "Ha-va-ee-ee," and the latter begin it all right with "Ha," but conclude with a guttural grunt, and the word heard most, "Aloha," sounds soft and beautiful on the lips of the first, but is a lazy, good natured grunt as the latter speak it. Aloha is in their limited vocabulary at once a greeting and farewell, a formal expression of regard and of deep love. In the latter case it is increased in warmth and depth of meaning by modifying adjectives annexed instead of prefixed, as "Aloha nui," "Aloha nui loa," or even "Aloha nui loa kea!" —and then it is time to speak to pups.

Fans From a Fish's Fins.

Curious little fans are made from the pectoral fins of the fish known as the sea robin. The sea robin is not a very large fish, but its pectoral fins are large in proportion to its size, and in nature they suggest fans from the manner in which the fish opens and closes them. The pectoral fins of the smaller sea robins are marked with brown, those of the larger fishes with maroon, beautifully shaded. The fins have many rays or ribs. In making a fan the fin is first stretched out on a board to dry. A large fin will make a fan about six inches in breadth. The rays spread out in it, as the split bamboo strips do in a Japanese fan, except that the rays are tapering, and they are much slenderer and more delicate. When the fin is dry it is mounted as a fan, and when it has been thus completed it is dipped in varnish. The varnish not only brings out the colors, but it serves also as a preservative. Thus treated the fan will last for years.

Sentient Alarm Clocks.

"Devil dogs" are a species of alarm clock used in Greece for the purpose of keeping persons awake, such as watchmen, stage drivers and railroad men. They are generally small black dogs. Should the person whom the "devil dog" is detailed to keep awake be a stage driver, the dog is strapped to a little stool beside him, and throughout the journey he keeps up a sharp barking, often causing the passengers to keep awake as well as the driver. At times he will pause for a minute or two to moisten his parched, rasped throat at the basin of water set before him and then begin again.

We never enjoy perfect happiness. Our most fortunate successes are mingled with sadness. Some anxieties always perplex the reality of our satisfaction.—Corneille.

Please announce that I will be at the Grand Central Hotel on Monday evening, Sept. 9th, and stay until Wednesday evening, with full line of Shirtings for season, 1907, &c. ABE MARTIN.

YOUR TRUE COMMUTER.

He Must Be by Nature a Man Who Takes to Routine.

Your true commuter must be by nature a man who takes to routine. There are some who have commuted for a quarter century or more and yet have not acquired the trick and never will. They are the ones who write letters to the newspapers, airing their grievances against the heartless railroad corporations. They are not born commuters. They have had commutation thrust upon them. But many really enjoy the life of the commuter. They like the clocklike regularity. They like the pleasant social aspect of the early morning trip to town, the neighborly interest in one another's affairs, the ample time for reading the newspapers, which numerous city residents miss by not being obliged to get an early start. They look forward to the pleasant relaxation of the whist game on the way home, with head on one side to keep the smoke out of their eyes. Some of them even say that they enjoy being awakened early in the morning.

In time all who work in New York will come to it. Meanwhile, for the man with a family it appears to be in many ways a happy solution of a difficult problem. Undoubtedly it is a more wholesome existence physically, but mentally and spiritually it has the defects of its virtues when pursued all the four round. The commuter devotes the best part of the day to one narrow corner of the city. The rest of his time, not consumed on the train is in still more narrowing atmosphere of the suburbs. He neither gets all the way into the life of the city nor clean out into the country. So his view of things has neither the perspective of robust rurality nor the sophistication of a man in the city and of it. His return to nature is only halfway. His urbanity is suburbanity. Much of our literature, art and especially criticisms show the taint of the commuter's point of view.—Jesse Lynch Williams in Century.

NUGGETS.

Genius is inspiration. Talent is perspiration.

Do not measure your enjoyment by the amount of money spent in pleasuring it.

Education turns the wild sweetbrier into the finely rose.

A vigorous initiative and strong self faith make up the man of power.

Be sure that the honors you are striving for are not really dishonors.

What men get and do not earn is often a curse instead of a blessing.

You can purchase a man's labor, but you've got to cultivate his good will.

Ignorance itself is a disease, the deepest, most treacherous and damnable malady of the soul.

Worry poisons the mind just as much as a deadly drug would poison the body and just as surely.

While you stand deliberating which book your son shall read first, another may have read both.—Success Magazine.

Lincoln and Stanton.

There was a marked contrast between Lincoln's manner, which was always pleasant and even genial, and that of Stanton. The latter's stern, spectacled visage commanded instant respect and in many cases inspired fear. In receiving visitors, and they were legion, Stanton seldom or never sat down, but stood before a high desk as the crowd passed before him and one by one presented their requests or complaints, which were rapidly disposed of. He was haughty, severe, domineering and often rude. When I think of him in the daily routine of his public audiences the characterization of Napoleon by Charles Phillips, the Irish orator, comes to mind, "Grand, gloomy and peculiar."—David Homer Bates in Century.

Gambling In Church.

The mania for gambling will out, no matter how carefully hedged about by the law. Here is an illustration:

"It took a conversation I overheard at the close of the church service last Sunday night to bring me to a realization of the virulence of the betting fever," said a Harlem woman. "I actually heard two boys betting on the skill of the sexton in snuffing out the candles. One bet 25 cents that he would extinguish each candle at the first application of the snuffers, the other that he wouldn't. I had been watching the proceedings with the same thought in mind, but it never occurred to me to bet on the outcome."—New York Tribune.

One Gleam of Sunshine.

His play is a rank failure.

It is a frost and a fizzle, and he knows it.

The dramatist bows his head upon his hands and refuses to be comforted, for it is his first flunk.

One by one his friends try to say something that will console him, but to no avail.

Finally his trusting wife finds one sunny gleam in the clouds.

"Anyway," she said, "you didn't have to go through the ordeal of making a speech before the curtain, and you know you always said you would be thankful beyond words if you could escape that."—Success Magazine.

Late Already.

Five minutes after the tardy gong had struck the principal of the school was walking through the lower hall when he saw a pudgy little fellow scampering toward the first grade room as fast as his fat legs could carry him. "See here, young man, I want to talk to you," called the principal to the late comer. "I hain't got time to talk to you; I'm late already," replied the breathless beginner as the door of his classroom closed.—Circle.

Opinion.

Opinion is a light, vain, crude and imperfect thing settled in the imagination, but never arriving at the understanding, there to obtain the tincture of reason.—Ben Jonson.

Mark Twain says that England is the home of wit and America is the home of humor.

CUT THEM ALL OUT.

The Enemies One Is Likely to Meet In His Vocabulary.

"In the dictionary of life we find many very often plenty of 'ifs' and lots of words like 'luck' and 'destiny' and phrases like 'I only had time or a chance like other people.'"

Never think that many of the phrases which you constantly use—may real enemies that they leave their hideous pictures and black shadows in your mind?

How many times have you been kept from doing a good deed by such phrases as "Oh, I can't do that," "I am afraid that that will not turn out well," "Oh, I know I can't do that," "Somebody else can do that a great deal better," "I am afraid to try," "I haven't the courage," "I fear I shall take cold or catch some disease if I do this or that?"

I believe that those two words, "I can't," have ruined more prospects and have kept more ability doing the work of mediocrity than any other two words in our language.

"I am afraid of this or that" is a terrible hinderer, a terrible blighter of ambition, a cooler of enthusiasm.

All achievement and all efficiency depend upon initiative, and that is easily killed by the fear words, the words which express doubt and uncertainty.

"By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."—Success.

His Awful Dream.

Sydney Smith had been ill, and a friend having called to see him inquired what sort of night he had passed. "Oh, horrid, horrid, my dear fellow! I dreamt I was chained to a rock and being talked to death by Harriet Martineau and Macaulay."

Do you know that Pineaulyc Carbolized acts like a poultice in drawing out inflammation and poison? It is antiseptic. For cuts, burns, eczema, cracked hands it is immediate relief. 25 cts. Sold by Dr. Chadwick. Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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The New Suits for Fall have come!

They are now in stock and waiting to be looked at.

There are a lot of new things in colorings and in patterns.

The cuts are a little different from last season.

We wish this announcement to be your invitation to look over this new stock.

It may be early, you may not need a suit now, but the experience of looking will be a treat.

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By concealing it about their person; by stowing it away in rings, jugs and jars; by sewing it up in skirts and ticks; by tucking it under the couches and carpets, in cupboards and bureau drawers; these are some of the ways by which people lose their money, and sometimes their lives.

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Notice.

In the matter of the estate of James Landrigan, deceased:

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of James Landrigan, late of the township of Annin, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay to

O. D. UNDERWOOD, Administrator.
Coryville, Penna., August 15th, 1907.

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